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No. 3.]

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[VOL. I.]

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ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER OF  
**Campbell.**

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WE live in the very golden age of poetry; and it may be fairly doubted, whether English literature had ever attained its Augustan era till now. That we can successfully rival the literary excellence of any previous period of our history, will not be disputed by the impartial critic, who, unswayed by prejudice in favor of antique merit and great names, is liberal enough to acknowledge the genius of his own times. But amidst the conflicting claims to popularity of contemporary writers, so numerous and yet so excellent, exclusive preference can scarcely be expected; neither will it be denied, that, in some instances these claims have been admitted where they have been ill-deserved. An affected floridity of diction, an attenuation of ideas till they have become exhausted, and an utter rejection of simplicity of style, are faults observable in many of our most celebrated *prose* writers; while a defiance of common-sense, a romantic, fervid, but faulty warmth of imagination, or a puerile and disgusting pettiness of feeling, which sinks in its search after nature to a depth of degradation where it is impossible that she can exist, are the no less distinguishing blemishes of our modern poets. To

enter into a specific detail of these peculiarities, our limits will not allow; but our readers cannot fail to have anticipated us in the reflection, that from all these failings the subject of our present essay is exempted.

Campbell has written so little, and that little so well, that we have a very humble task to perform in the analysis of his genius. But we are not of that ungenerous class of critics, who would throw aside the pen, because we cannot censure. On the contrary, we would rather forego our reputation for critical acumen, than lose the superior gratification of bearing testimony to unalloyed merit and intrinsic excellence.

Goldsmith, the poet of nature and feeling, appears to be the model he has chosen, without descending to the servility of imitation. Perhaps there is less simplicity, and more imagination in the poems of Campbell, a loftier style, a more dignified expression,—but the same purity of thought and language, and an almost equal power of awakening the tenderest emotions of the soul. Our readers will probably observe the coincidence of ideas in the following parallel passages :

Yet thou wert once the *loveliest land of all*,

That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore,

*Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recal,*

And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,

Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

*Sweet Auburn !—loveliest village of the plain,*

Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain ;

*Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,*

Thy sports are fled ; and *all thy charms withdrawn.*

Deserted Village.

These are perhaps sufficient to prove that the style of Campbell and Goldsmith is the same. But a much closer resemblance may be traced in Rogers. His poem of the Pleasures of Memory, however decidedly beautiful, loses a great portion of that beauty from its want of originality, and intimate approximation to the style and ground work of the Deserted Village.

*"All all are fled,—nor mirth nor music flows."*

Pleasures of Memory.

*"These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled."*

Deserted Village.

"As through the garden's *desert paths* I rove."

Pleasures of Memory.

.....where once the garden *smil'd*,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild."

Deserted Village.

The Pleasures of Hope, the master-piece of Campbell's genius, abounds in passages strikingly beautiful. The proneness of human nature to cling to hope, even under circumstances of guilty and irremediable wretchedness, is finely pictured in the following lines :

And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew  
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue ;  
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
But found not pity when it err'd no more ;  
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;  
Condemn'd on pen'ry's barren path to roam,  
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home ;  
Even he,—at evening, should he chance to stray  
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn scented way,  
Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen  
The blossom'd bean-field and the sloping green,  
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while,  
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,  
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form  
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm.  
There should my hand no stinted boon assign,  
To wretched hearts, with sorrows such as mine !  
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

The minor pieces of this writer are no less remarkable for poetical excellence. The Soldier's Dream is finely and naturally described ; and Lochiel's Warning would not suffer by a comparison even with the Bard of Gray.

Whether the long silence of Campbell's muse will ever again be broken, we cannot pretend to decide ; but are certainly among the number of those who think he has written too well, to remain con-



tented with the specimens of his genius he has hitherto produced ; nor can we deem the fear of retrograding (supposing it to exist) sufficiently strong, to check the attempt to gather fresh laurels from so fertile a source.

## The Letter Sylph.

No. 3.

" My tricky Spirit!"

.....  
 " What say you, Sir, to letters from your friends?—SHAKESPEARE.

Good Mr. Speculum.—I fear, alas ! I have entailed on myself a duty more easy in the promise than the fulfilment ; and begin to think, that the lot of Sisyphus was mere child's play to the task I am voluntarily pledged to perform.

You, who possess so large a portion yourself, will scarcely imagine how little brains there is in the world ; and may probably doubt my veracity when I tell you, that of the many thousand letters with which this month's post has teemed, not one has proved intellectual enough to credit my sagacity, or advance your interests. In fact, I was about to pass your letter-box, without even dropping in a line of apology ;—but gratitude, a tie more sacred amongst sylphs than men, appealed too forcibly to my conscience to permit my obeying so ungenerous an impulse. I reflected that my immortality gave me no power over circumstances ; that I was as much the slave of contingencies as your mere creature of clay ; and that though I was not successful, I would at least be honest, and deprecate your disappointment and displeasure by relating the plain unvarnished truth.

In this resolution I was strengthened by a reflection that crossed my mind as I was opening the nine hundredth letter at the Lombard Street Post Office. I had proceeded very patiently in my task without once noticing, that nearly every one I had met with, like the *Odyssey* of Homer, was almost exclusively confined to the subject of eating and drinking. Then, and not till then, I recollected, that it was the carnivorous season of the English folks (so much distin-



guished at all times for their amazing powers of (gastronomy) when as Thomson says,

The strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking surloin stretch'd immense  
From side to side, in which, with desperate knife,  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory.

How then, Sir, could I expect to find the effusions of intellect among the gross detail of animal gratification? or look for the filmy thread of thought and the sparklings of fancy, amid the solid expectancies of the epicure? The hope was vain; and

My head upon my lap ;—concealing  
In solitude, my bitter feeling,

the unwelcome truth forced itself upon me, that on this occasion even the brightest sons of genius had left the worship of the muses to sacrifice on the altar of gluttony.

Hoping that next month will be more prolific, and which I have some reason to expect, I remain,

Unalterably Your's,

LALLAH.

## The Tobacconist.

### A SKETCH.

IN these days of multiplied delights, a snuff shop is an elegant repository of amusements, for the recreation of men of every class : here the botanist may find a leaf of the herb divine, and a luscious scent-expiring tonquin; the dramatist and painter, a petite portrait of Racine or Moliere; the man, who is enamoured of the luxury of sweet sounds, a delicious air of Mozart; the poet, or the man of feeling, sense, or humour, a fair quotation from Robert Burns; and the mere loungeur, a pinch of pure, unadulterated, fine complexioned snuff.

Noses of all denominations flock hither to regale. The abstruse, metaphysical kanteau, the unweildy and elephantine proboscis; the sharp, triangular, and needy nose of disaffection, the supercilious, domineering nose; the well-set, eagle-beaked patrician; the haggard, depraved and vulgar plebeian; and the rubicund and corpulent metropolitan, ebullient with carbuncles of lustre rare,—congregate here to regale in olfactory bliss. Each exercises his elec-

tive franchise, and chooses that particular preparation, which is most congenial to his own individual palate, from the luscious scented carote to the unsophisticated pulverization of pure Maryland, "unmixed with baser matter."

How different are these elegant little temples of pleasure, from the dark, dull, spacious, and utterly unadorned mulls of the last century. Old Kit's was the last of the race; it looked like the interior of a pyramid, and the huge, gaunt, and quaintly figured jars, in the numerous niches, with their sloping covers, surmounted by rude leaden Moors' heads, and seen through the dun, sombre, and stagnant air of the place, assumed a dim, a dream-like similitude to so many mummies.

Kit was himself a strange, wayward, unreclaimed creature,—a genuine specimen of those "feræ" commonly yclept bachelors, an absolute enthusiast in the cause of tobacco, and the most arrant, infatuated, and virulent political partisan of his day, withal. He had fenced in some two yards square of his vast domains, and called the enclosure his study: here he would enclose himself for hours together, blinking over a new political tract, by the fragment of an antique little lamp, which yielded a mere mockery of light, scarcely tinging the sunk cheek of a rare bust of Sir Walter Raleigh (which adorned a remote nook) with its yellow and sickly beam. Newton, too, was there, for he loved the herb divine; a dingy and illegible map of America, and three portraits of renowned statesmen, were the residue of his ornamental furniture. Just as the day was dying on the dark bosom of his mother night, Kit would skulk slowly from his lair, to take a glimpse of the passing world, from the middle step of his portal. His figure was a very "*lusus naturæ*": with a stunted, decrepid, and mis-shapen trunk, his head was particularly vigorous and intellectual. Two thirds of a century had somewhat corroded his iron countenance, but age had not quelled the lustre of his eye; it was deeply sunk in his head, and skreened from the sun's light by an out-jutting forehead, and a shaggy wilderness of eye-brow, but its intense and vivid lustre, like that of Bassanio's jewel, illumined the whole cavity which entombed it. His mouth had all the Ciceronian symptoms of power and eloquence, but his nose was gnarled, petulant, cavilling, and repulsive. The mind of man could never invent such lineaments as his; nature had been at work upon them, without a moment's cessation, for nearly sixty years; grief, pain, disappointment, and rapture had each left most

eloquent touches, and the sober hand of old time had smoothed and modulated the adverse and various hues into a mellow and consistent tone.

A long history of woes and joys was legible on his rugged and uneven brow ; the passions of his youth had each left its scathe, no trace was visible of his latter years ; at fifty, the page was full of deep, fixed, unalterable things, and the weak throes of the heart in senectude seldom deface the over-charged visage of man. Human kindness seemed to be nearly extinct in him. Absorbed in the busy cares of grinding traffic, or rejoicing at a logical victory over a political opponent, he appeared to be wholly divested of manly feeling, until some accidental expression or tone of voice vibrated on the tender chord of his heart, and suddenly melted him into emotion. In his most joyous moments when his spirit launched out into unwonted revelry, the shade of an unburied grief would appear like Banquo's ghost, an unbidden guest at the feast, and mar the transient luxury. The passionate tear-drop, that gushed from his eye on these occasions, linked him to humanity.

He was a Colossus in argument ; the club and the rapier were equally subservient to his powers. He would alternately pierce his opponent with the keen point of satirical raillery, and overwhelm him with profound and unanswerable reasoning. Logic was his bauble, and politics his hobby. I have hitherto spoken of Christopher Dove, in the past tense. He is still corporeally alive, but his mind is no more. The ethereal light is long since extinguished, although the substance of the lamp remains. His body is the sepulchre of his own sense, his face is its monument, and the deeply graven lines on his brow, an inscriptive record of the frailties and passions of the mouldered creature it entombs.

A.

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Our trusty and well beloved correspondent, whose contributions to this most excellent work are distinguished by a star (for he is too modest to give any *literal* clue to his identity) being admitted on the score of ancient friendship, to a full participation in all our counsels, perused the foregoing communication in the original manuscript. Now be it known, that when he, the aforesaid *Star*, came to that paragraph, beginning "Noses of all donominations, flock hither to regale," he was struck all of a heap, as the saying is, and was sorely troubled, lest any of the many thousand readers of the *Speculum*



should imagine either he, or our good friend, the writer of the above, had pillaged from each other; seeing there is a great coincidence of thought, and a vast resemblance therein to some part of *Star's* erudite and ingenious essay on Noses. He therefore wishes us distinctly and solemnly to declare (pledging our honour and the dignity of our editorial office to the truth thereof) that his paper on noses was written, yea and printed, before he saw the aforesaid manuscript, consequently, it was a thing impossible that he should have stolen any part thereof; and as it is equally true, that neither Mister Star nor Mister A. have the slightest knowledge of each other, so does Mister A. also stand clearly acquitted of any such felonious intention. To all which we do hereby cheerfully testify accordingly.

Duly signed by *US*,  
*The Editor of the Literary Speculum.*

### The Puppet Show.

I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance, Master Punch.

FIELDING.

I think it is Lord Chesterfield, who defines laughter to be the characteristic of ill-manners; and I have met with very learned reasons why a man should preserve a perpetual gravity of countenance. But in sober truth, I am inclined to imagine, that laughter is not to be regulated by rule; and that there are some circumstances in every one's life, which, in spite of habitual self-command, will compel him to yield to the temptation.

Were it possible, indeed, before we expanded our risible muscles, to hesitate whether we should laugh or not, the democritical philosophy would probably have few disciples. The excitements to laughter are often of so trifling a nature, as to shrink from the ordeal of rational inquiry; and the most contemptible causes have often produced the strongest effects. A man of tolerable sense, who would honour a sparkling effusion of wit, with merely a well-bred smile, or, at the very utmost, a pleasant grin, shall, at some ridiculous nonsense burst out into a sardonic fit of uncontrollable laughter, and be ashamed the next minute for having made himself a fool. The truth is, that laughter is neither a passion nor a

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sentiment. It is an *impulse*, which we cannot subdue, and over which reason has no control. The gravest folks have been caught tripping ; and I question whether even Quakers have not sometimes laughed as loudly as their less guarded neighbours.

In minds of habitually serious temperament, the exciting causes must no doubt be stronger, than with those hey-day, careless, lack-brained sons of meriment, whose mouths expand into a grin at the holding up of a finger ; but, I repeat, there are circumstances and situations in which the demurest physiognomies would not be proof against the temptation. At all events, I cannot consider laughter a crime. The bright spots of a man's life are few enough ; without blotting any out ; and since, for a moment of mirth, we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day,—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility ; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

My "sunny hours" have been few enough ; yet I have been so vulgar as to laugh, and heartily too ; and I hope to have many more causes of merriment, before the time, when (like Yorick) I shall not have a jibe left "to mock my own grinning." Now I am not very diffident of acknowledging (let the confession detract as it may from my intellectual reputation) that there have been few occasions when I have laughed louder or longer than at *Punch's Puppet Show*. I remember, (spite of maternal remonstrances and predictions of caned shoulders and strapped hands) throwing down my dog's eared Virgil, sixty of whose harmonious, but to me discordant lines, I was destined to repeat at the morning's lesson, on peril of corporal punishment, and mental degradation ;—I remember, I say, throwing down the Prince of Poets, starting up from my seat,—all on the *qui vive*, at hearing the grateful, well-known sound of the trumpet, which in sonorous tones of asinine shrillness, summoned a gratuitous audience to this most delightful of exhibitions. I say a gratuitous audience, because the spectator might see it for nothing, if honor would let him slink away without dropping the well earned mite into the hat of the petitioning Fantoccinist. Yet who could refuse so trifling,—so humble a tribute to genius ? Who could shrink from the intreating rim, pressed by the ingenious solicitor against the hearts of his

audience, as the most vulnerable part after so touching a display of feeling,—who, I say, could resist the plea with a “Really I have no halfpence,” when conscience was whispering all the while, as generosity did to Sterne, “you know you have a thousand”? I recollect that young as I was, I gladly gave the penny destined to the purchase of nuts and apples, and heartily wished it had been more.

Yes, I well remember, that in defiance of all the dreadful anticipations of the morrow; the awful magisterial frown of the trencher-capped arbiter of my destiny; and the prophetic visions which would crowd upon my soul on the very threshold of my transgression, like Macbeth’s air-drawn dagger, or the perspective rope, supposed to haunt the predestined murderer;—spite of all these awful consequences;—when the trumpet has sounded, I have seized my hat, and followed through street, lane, and alley, the itinerant showman. And ah! what anguish I have felt! how keen, how bitter has been my disappointment, when (and often has it been the case) after tracing the footsteps of Punch’s master till I was tired, I have found it a wild-goose chase, and a mere *igni fatuus* at last. The man who has forged a cheque, and is detected in the very act of presenting it;—the thief, who suffers the penalty before he has had time to enjoy the fruits of his crime,—can alone be adduced as parallels; for I was doomed to encounter all the consequences of the time I had wasted, all the penalties of neglected lessons, without the satisfaction of reflecting that the temptation to which I had yielded had ended in actual enjoyment.

But if my Punch’s chase has sometimes proved fruitless; it has been more than counterbalanced by the many happy hours I have spent in his company; the remembrance of which I always found strong enough to make the dread of the morrow kick the beam. I think I see the fantoccinist now. He was an Italian; a little thick-set man, with a red, humorous-looking countenance. He had lost one eye; but the other made up for the absence of its fellow by a shrewdness of expression sufficient for both. He always wore an oil skin hat, and a rough great coat. At his back he carried a deal box, containing the dramatis personæ of his little theatre; and in his hand, the trumpet aforesaid, at whose glad summons, hundreds of merry, laughter-loving faces flocked round him, with gaping mouths and anxious looks, all eager to renew their acquaintance with their old friend and favorite, Punch. The theatre itself



was carried by a tall man, who seemed a sort of sleeping partner in the concern, or mere *dumb waiter* on the other's operations.

Whether this favorite of my juvenile days is still living, I know not. It is many years since I last saw him, or heard the cheering sound of his brazen trumpet; and I began to think that Punch's glories had shared the fate of all terrestrial things, and had faded away for ever. But how shall I describe my astonishment, and (shall I confess it?) my delight, when a few days ago, casting my eyes up the long perspective of Blackfriars' road, I distinctly discerned the well-known theatre, borne on the shoulders of a man, and attended by a numerous troop of followers, young and old. I had been vain enough to imagine, that with increase of years I had gained increase of wisdom; but I had flattered myself egregiously. Hear my confession. No sooner did I catch a distant glimpse of Punch's glory, than all the recollections of youthful delight rushed into my mind. I mended my pace, and overtook the itinerant, just as he had set down his burden on a convenient spot for exhibition. I looked in his face,—it was not my old acquaintance; but a stout comely-looking young fellow, who having on a smock frock and a dog's hair hat, had the appearance of a rustic, and seemed of all persons in the world, the least worthy to tread in the shoes of his great prototype the inimitable Italian. However, though with this drawback on the enjoyment of the treat, and with the prepossession, that it would be a sorry sort of affair, after what I had seen some twenty years ago, I took my stand; and with more liberality than usually falls to the share of a dramatic critic, I must confess that I found Master Punch every whit as merry a gentleman as when I had last the pleasure of falling into his company.

Nor was I the only "child of a larger growth," who was tempted to witness the exhibition. Young and old flocked round Punchinello's standard, and mingled *en masse* without distinction of rank, all animated by the same sentiment of joyous expectation. I had the curiosity, during the performance, to look round upon the motley groupe. There was not a face but smiled; and many burst out into shouts of uproarious laughter. It was curious to mark the risible gradations. "Eh! help us!" said an old woman, "that folks should laugh at such nonsense!" And her mouth was expanded to a full semicircular grin. Those of the throng, who appeared least burthened with this world's goods, seemed the most vociferous in their sympathy. A few decently dressed personages,

who formed the outskirts of the crowd, appeared less boisterous in their mirth; but in any other company they would have laughed outright, as was manifest from the frequent applications of their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and the audible though half-stifled titterings, and tears of pleasure, which proved how arduous was the struggle between nature and good-breeding. Two or three of a superior class kept at a still further distance, and only stole furtive glances at Punchinello; as if they would have it understood, that they had merely stopped by accident,—or were waiting for some person,—or were looking at something else; yet even these betrayed the truth by their awkward attempts to conceal their risibility. One or two coarse jests and miserable puns produced thunders of applause; they could not have been better received within the walls of Drury; and the last scene, where Punch tricks the hangman by getting *his* neck into the halter, instead of his own, “was received” (as Elliston would say) “with loud and re-iterated bursts of laughter and applause, from all parts of a crowded and brilliant”—mobility!

I cannot help thinking there is a great resemblance between the character of Punch and that of Falstaff.

Falstaff has scarcely a virtue (strictly so called) in his whole composition. He robs on the highway, cheats his hostess, slanders his prince, and abuses his office. He is a drunkard, a glutton, a thief, a liar, and a coward. Yet, with all these drawbacks, we love the rogue; and such is the magic of his humour, we forgive all his faults, and would forgive them were they ten times more numerous. Punch is a scion of the same stock, but with still darker shades in his character. He intrigues, beats his wife, and kills his child. The scoundrel has no conscience; for his ill-deeds never disturb the jollity of his humour; and his grief, when he expects to be hung, has so little of penitence in it, that it is the mere compunction of detected guilt anticipating its punishment. Yet who does not feel rejoiced at his outwitting the hangman? Who could wish so merry a fellow the fate he deserves; or help exclaiming with the poet: “Oh! Punch! with all thy faults I love thee still?”

In conclusion, I advise nervous folks, by all means, to see Punch's puppet shew: it is a finer specific for the blue devils than vegetable syrup, nervous cordial, or steel pills. Ennui and vapours shrink from its potent influence, and it would transform the veriest hypochondriac into another Democritus.

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## Death of Archbishop Sharpe.

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THE popularity of the celebrated Scottish novels has thrown such an air of romantic interest over Scotland and its history, that every document, illustrative of the events they record, acquires a comparative importance. Under this impression, we present our readers with the following narrative, published at the period; and to those who have read the tale of "Old Mortality" we think it cannot fail to prove interesting.

"After that God had restored to these kingdoms their king and liberty (mercies never to be forgot, till by our ingratitude for them we have deserved to be thrown back into those miseries that we have so lately escaped), reasonable men might have concluded, that we would have rested with much satisfaction under those great blessings, for which we had so much longed. But that restless bigotry, which had, in the late rebellion, distracted our religion, dissolved monarchy, unhinged our property, and enslaved our liberties, did soon prompt the execrable authors of *Naphthali* and *Jus Populi*, who, in those books, endeavoured to persuade all men to massacre their governors and judges by the misapplied example of holy Phineas, and did, in specific terms, assert, that there could be no greater gift made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the Archbishop of St. Andrew's head in a silver box to the King; which doctrine prevailed with Mr. James Mitchell, a zealous Naphthalite, to attempt the killing of the said Lord Archbishop, upon the chief street of Edinburgh, in face of the sun, and of the multitude; and he having died, owning his crime as a duty, and others having writ books comparing him, in this crime, to Sampson, twelve or more of the same sect did, upon the third day of May last, murder the said Archbishop in this ensuing manner.

"After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favors to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fife, upon Friday night, the second day of May, he took his journey next morning at ten o'clock, towards St. Andrew's; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place near two miles distant from St. Andrew's), advertised the Archbishop thereof,



asking, if he should drive faster? which his Grace discharged, because he said he feared no harm: they drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he thereupon desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour of Kirloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had in vain discharged very many shot), and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because his coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postillion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses; whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach, and others of them called to him to "Come forth, vile dog, who had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland;" and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. Whilst he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword under his shoulder, the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and on her knees, began to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate, with a very great calmness, said, "Gentlemen, I know not that ever I injured any of you; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose."—"Villain, and Judas!" said they, "and enemy to God and his people! you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people:" which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye; and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, shewed them his grey hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer; they returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes which they were then giving, were those which he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and of a shot that pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes which cut his hands, whilst he was holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, "God forgive you all!" after which, by many strokes that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them, imagining they heard him groan, returned, saying, that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back and give one stroke more, for the glory of God; and having stirred about his brains with the points of their swords,

they took an oath of his servants not to reveal their names ; and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magnus, crying aloud, that Judas was killed, and from thence made their escape. But God having, in an unexpected way, furnished probation against all who were present, it cannot but with a dutiful confidence be expected, that his Divine Majesty, who is so highly offended, will, by the same care, bring the assassins themselves to suffer for that crime.

“ This narrative, warranted by the depositions of many famous persons upon oath, will discover the many false insinuations expressed in a late relation printed at London : for, whereas it is pretended, that this murder proceeded from a private injury done to one of the assassins, the contrary will easily appear by these subsequent considerations.

“ First, that this murdering principle has been printed and practised by others formerly against the same person, such as he never knew nor offended.

“ Secondly, it appears by the many expressions aforesaid, that he suffered for his function.

“ Thirdly, many of the same persuasion had foretold it in several places ; and one of the murderers had that morning, after a sacrilegious form of devotion, held up his hand, and sworn, that that hand should kill the Archbishop ; whereupon his hostess kissed him. Nor can it be denied, but that he who commanded the foot for Mr. Welsh upon Reupar-Law (that famous field-conventicle), owned that their friends thanked God for the Archbishop's death, but were sorry they knew not to whom they owed the obligation.

“ Fourthly : It is known both by all the Archbishop's acquaintance, and the present low state of his fortune, that he never used any rigour to his debtors : and one of the lords of session, who transacted that inconsiderable affair relating to Hackstoun (on which the false *narrative* charges this murder), did declare publicly amongst his brethren-judges, that the Archbishop had dealt most generously with that miscreant, who was never a servant to his Grace. And how can it be pretended, in a nation, where no man was ever murdered for using legal execution, even in the greatest concerns, that the other eleven would have hazarded their lives and fortunes in killing a churchman, and a privy counsellor, to satisfy the useless revenge of one of their number in so mean a matter ? And, their not taking his gold nor watch, and a considera-

ble sum which lay open enough in the coach, did convincingly prove, that there was more of bigotry than of avarice in that undertaking.

“Fifthly : It is undeniable, that those of that same profession and way have lately wounded many of his Majesty’s officers, for putting his uncontroverted laws in execution ; and particularly they contrived the death of the town major of Edinburgh, and in pursuance of that design, did, with many wounds, leave him, and some of his Majesty’s soldiers, almost dead upon the place, one of them having been actually killed. They also, at Loudoun, killed one of his Majesty’s soldiers in his bed, and wounded and robbed others of them without the least provocation ; pretending, in defence of their cruelty, that the soldiers were enemies to Christ, and that they would conclude themselves damned, if they paid the cess granted by the convention of all the three estates for the necessary defence of the kingdom.

“Sixthly. By a manifesto dispersed some few days before the murder, his Grace, and all who served the King in Fiffe, were threatened with certain death. All which does but too much justify the courses taken in that kingdom against such people, and refutes such as make that pass for cruelty, which is but necessary and self-defence ; and by all which it appears, that this murder was not occasioned by private resentment, but by the principles of Naphthali ; and such as were notorious ringleaders in that tribe, and their conventicles.

“It is likewise very observable, that the author of that most scandalous narrative has impiously lied, in asserting, that the bullets did not pierce the Archbishop’s body ; insinuating thereby that he was hard : whereas by a declaration under the hands of a physician and three surgeons (of which William Borthwick, to whom that author impudently appeals, is one), it is most evident, that the Archbishop’s body was pierced by one of those shots : the words of which declaration (still remaining amongst the warrants of the privy council) are these : *The first of these wounds, being two or three inches below the right clavicle, between the second and third rib, which was given by a shot, not reaching the capacity of the breast.* Captain Castaires likewise had no commission from the Archbishop, but from the privy council ; and Baily Carmichaell had no commission from the privy council, but from the Earl of Rothes, Lord High Chancellor, and Sheriff Principal of Fiffe by inheritance.

“The horror that attends this fact, the dreadful events for which



it makes way, and the scandal that it raises upon the true Protestant religion, cannot but breed in all just men, a detestation of the principles from whence it flowed, and an abhorrence of those who endeavour to extenuate it with false pretences."

### Ballad Poetry.

*To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.*

DEAR SIR,—After all our literary chat, I do not remember that you ever expressed a decided opinion on that most ancient species of composition, the Ballad, to which, let me candidly acknowledge, I am for, my own part, not a little attached. Without indulging in the high-flown raptures of admiration, which subjected poor Dr. Percy to Johnson's unmerciful ridicule, I must beg to coincide with our friend Winterton,\* and think it would be no difficult task to point out many a sparkling beauty in those scraps of the olden time, spite of the uncouth, and now obsolete phraseology in which our rhyming forefathers were wont to clothe their lyric effusions. With much that is quaint and childish, there is likewise much that is natural and affecting; and I have frequently heard a friend of mine applaud to the very echo, the following stanza from an old poem, in which a noble damsel, having eloped with some chivalrous hero, is overtaken by her incensed parent, and throws herself for pardon at his feet.

"The Baron he stroakt his darke-browne cheeke,  
And turned his head aside,  
To wipe away the starting teare  
He proudlye strave to hide!"

PERCY'S RELICS.

In short, I differ materially from Hotspur,† and were I *felicitous* (to use a pedantic phrase,) in that peculiar turn or cast of unaffected simplicity, which is the chief characteristic of such productions, would not renounce my lyric propensities to enjoy the fortune of

\* *Literary Speculum*, p. 123.

† "I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew! than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

HENRY IV.

the most pampered grimalkin that ever ancient lady caressed. But neither criticism nor panegyric are my present objects, and I have now only to request that you will give the following Ballad a place in the Speculum. My own inaptitude for such attempts I have already intimated, and therefore need scarcely add, that it is the production of another—of one whom I have much cause to esteem—of one on whom adversity has pressed her iron hand, and doomed, like Falconer's Arion,

".....To rove  
Far from the Muse's academic grove."

Like Arion, too, he is a wanderer upon the deep, and in a wearisome intercourse with uncongenial natures and dissimilar minds, may have lost much of the vivid spirit of poesy, with which, in earlier and happier hours, he was strongly imbued. What the long conflict with wind and wave, and passions stormier than either, have left him, let his productions speak, as from time to time I may forward them for your disposal.

Your's sincerely,

J. G. G.

To the judicious observations of our respected Correspondent, we may add, that the lyric bards of the olden time were poets of feeling,—not of fancy; they wrote to the heart,—not to the ear; and united the most artless simplicity with the truest and tenderest touches of nature. Their ballads were addressed to a class of society, who, however insensible to the flights of fancy, or the perception of elegance, warmly sympathized in feelings common to us all, and of which it may be fairly doubted whether the poor have not the greatest share. Their style is therefore humble; their language, that of untutored simplicity, adapted to comprehensions on the same level with their own; and if, amid the uncouth quaintness and rugged diction in which their ideas were conveyed, we meet a beautiful thought,—like the wild-flower of the heath, it owes that beauty to nature.

However bold such an avowal may appear in this age of poetical refinement, and however barbarous the sentiment, we have no hesitation in asserting as our opinion, that the simple ballads of Barbara Allen and Auld Robin Gray, possess more real pathos, more powerful appeals to the heart, than nine-tenths of the mock-simple, milk-and-water attempts at feeling, which characterize the produc-

tions of certain poets of our day, who burst into tears at the sight of two dead donkies, a rainbow, a robin redbreast, or a butterfly, and pass unheeded the keenest miseries of their fellow-creatures. Who could imagine that in this reading age, which can successfully rival in its literature the proudest period of English history, the author of such lines as the following would not only be admired, but ranked amongst the first poets of the day ;—would be associated with such names as Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Campbell and Rogers ;—and that his admirers, scarcely satisfied with his equality, even contend for his pre-eminence ?

“ Art thou the bird whom man loves best,”

The *pious* bird, with the scarlet breast,

*Our little English Robin ?*

The bird that comes about our doors

When Autumn winds are *sobbing* ?

Art thou the Peter of Norway boors ?

Their Thomas in Finland,

And Russia *far inland* ?

The bird, whom by some name or other,

*All men who know thee call their brother,*

The darling of children and men ?

*Could father Adam open his eyes,*

And see this sight beneath the skies,

*He'd wish to close them again !”*

Sweet simplicity ! but dry your eyes, and once more hear him, reader :

“ Can this be the bird, to man so good,

Our consecrated Robin,

That after their bewildering,

*Did cover with leaves the little children,*

*So painfully in the wood !!!*

WORDSWORTH.

If the reader's feelings have not quite overcome him, his nerves may perhaps bear a second attack on their sensibility ; and here's a dose “ more potent than the first.”

“ That way look, my infant, lo !

*What a pretty baby show !*

See the kitten on the wall,

Sporting with the leaves that fall,



Wither'd leaves—*one, two, three,*  
From the lofty elder tree.

—But the kitten, *how she starts!*  
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts.  
First at one, *and then its fellow,*  
*Just as light, and just as yellow,*  
There are many now—now one:  
Now they stop; and there are none!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat,  
Nor, *I deem, for me unmeet."*

WORDSWORTH.

In the sentiment of this last line we decidedly agree, and we think if the author, like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians, were made a nursery play-thing; he would be completely at home.

But, jesting apart, and in serious truth, who would not (to echo our Correspondent's quotation,) "rather be a kitten and cry mew! than one of these same metre ballad-mongers?"—Sweet bards! how exquisite and yet how painful must be their feelings! what overflowings of the milk of human kindness! what outpourings of soul and sentiment! how sensitive,—how keenly alive to every touch of nature!—A leaf cannot fall,—a puppy cannot die,—a little fish cannot wag its tail;—but out come the pen and the handkerchief; a flood of tears and a volume of sympathy!

### THE DWARF OF CARILBYNE.

A BALLAD.

"Why leanest thou by that aged tree,  
Oh Dwarf of Carilbyne?  
And why is the tear in thy hollow ee,  
That wont so bright to shine?  
Thy raven locks are flying dark—  
On the blast that whistles by,  
Like riven cords of the stranded bark  
When winds and waves are high!  
What grief hath stricken thee or thine,  
Oh! weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne?

“ Where be the garments thou hast worn,  
And where thine aspect mild?  
Those wretched weeds are rude and torn,  
Thy looks are wan and wild!  
When I did gaze upon thee last,  
Thou sat'st in gallant trim,  
On a fiery courser prancing past,  
Full stout of heart and limb.  
Then whence this woeful change of thine,  
Oh! weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne?”

“ And dost thou, wanderer, bid me tell  
Why the tear is in my ee?  
Why lone and sullen I list to dwell,  
And lean by this aged tree?  
Oh hie thee, wanderer, on thy way,  
And wrap thee from the cold;  
The winds shall bleach my raven locks grey,  
'Ere that dark tale be told!  
Thou may'st not know this grief of mine!”  
Quoth the weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne.

Upspoke the wanderer again—  
—“ When last I gazed on thee,  
Thou loneliest of lonely men,  
How blythe thou seem'dst to be!  
Thou rod'st a red-cross knight behind,  
In fair array bedight,  
His white plume wanton'd in the wind,  
His arms were flashing bright.  
Then where that stately lord of thine,  
Oh! weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne?

“ And by his side a lady fair  
On a milk-white palfrey rode,  
I wot they were a graceful pair  
As e'er in Britain yode.  
Adown her form her glossy hair  
In reckless beauty flow'd,  
The diamond sheen that sparkled there,  
Not half so beauteous shew'd.  
Then where that mistress bright of thine,  
Oh! weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne?

" I mark'd them ride at evening-tide,  
When the sun was in the west,  
By yonder swelling fountain's side,  
Where weary pilgrims rest;  
And there an aged man did stay  
His trembling limbs, to drink,  
His locks with eld all hoary gray,  
Hung o'er the bason's brink ;  
Why follow'd he that lord of thine,  
Oh weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne?"

" Alas! no aged man was he,  
Nor pilgrim weak and worn;  
My bitterest curse upon him be,  
A guilty wretch forlorn!  
The curse to roam eternally,  
And eternally to mourn;  
To pray for death on bended knee,  
And grieve he e'er was born!  
He caused these bitter tears of mine,"  
Quoth the weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne.

" I weep for those who never more  
Shall weep or smile again;  
I weep—who little wept before,  
Nor wept for others then!  
This woman's mood will soon be o'er,  
Full little reck I when,  
My tears will cease—but drops of gore  
Shall flow for each of them—  
A bitter vengeance shall be mine,"  
Quoth the weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne.

" But hie thee, wanderer, on thy way,  
Nor idly linger here;  
'Tis long to peep of morning grey,  
The night is mirk and drear;  
One deed of blood hath past away—  
Another yet is near!  
No more these anguish'd lips shall say,  
No more 'tis thine to hear,  
Go stranger—go—fair speed be thine!"  
Quoth the weeping Dwarf of Carilbyne.



## Noses.

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AN Essay on Noses!—And who shall deny its importance, or deem “the most prominent feature” on the “human face divine,” a trifling subject? Let those who are so rash, reflect on the pitiful figure they would exhibit, without this useful and ornamental appendage.

The Nose is the king of the features. Providence has placed it in the centre of the countenance, as a mark of its supremacy. It is to the face, what a general is to an army, or the head to the body; cut it off, and of what importance are the rest of the features? It is the sun of the *facial* system:—the eyes borrow from it their lustre, the lips their sweetness, the mouth its smiles. Roses and lilies, dells and dimples, would no longer attract the homage of lovers, if deprived of the light of its *countenance*.

A polished forehead, a dimpled chin, auburn ringlets, arched eyebrows, rosy cheeks, and sloe-black eyes, are vastly pretty. They have been celebrated in song, sonnet, and madrigal; they have been eulogized,—idolized;—and doubtless they deserve it. But alas! for the poor nose! No Damon or Corydon! no love-stricken swain, or moon-stricken poet, has tuned a lay to the honour of the olfactory organ! Though surely not one of the features more richly deserves it, or could *inhale*, with more sensitive pleasure, the *incense* of flattery. For what would the aforesaid assemblage of charms avail a fair lady, if (dire mishap!) she were destitute of a nose? Who would write elegies on her eyes, or sonnets to her dimples? Who would immortalize her coral lips, her pearly teeth, her odour-breathing mouth, if the centre of attraction, the comely nose, were wanting? The lover who should attempt to excite admiration of his mistress, under such unpropitious circumstances, would share the fate of the pleader, who, to gain the suit of a fair lady, placed her before the court; and while he eulogized her charms, excited the indignation of his hearers against the baseness that could injure so much beauty. The opposite counsel admitted the panegyric in its fullest extent; her graceful form, her charming features, her eyes of heavenly hue, her neck and arms of alabaster whiteness. “But, my lord and gentlemen,” he added, “my learned brother has forgotten one charm:—*she has a wooden leg.*”

In fact, man or woman had better be minus an eye, an ear, or a row of teeth, than deprived of a nose. I almost think we would sooner dispense with a lady's tongue; an instrument, which, in sooth, "discourses most eloquent music". The nuns of a convent besieged by the Danes were so convinced of its importance to female beauty, that, to preserve their chastity, they every one cut off their noses, justly conceiving, that, deprived of this paramount charm, they would incur no danger of exciting the admiration of the victors.

As therefore, on the one hand, without a nose, every feature loses its charm, so, on the other, a handsome appendage to the physiognomy redeems comparative ugliness in every other particular. It is indeed a stately and dignified protuberance. Who can view a fine Roman nose, without veneration, or reflecting that such a nasal organ adorned the countenance of the Pompeys, the Cæsars, and the long list of heroes who flourished in the days of antiquity? What lover of taste would care whether his mistress had a ruddy or a pale complexion, whether she was fair or freckled, plump or lean, short or tall; whether her eyes were grey or blue, her face round or oval,—provided the prominent feature was comely and well-proportioned?

But the nose possesses an *intellectual* importance, scarcely participated in by any of the other features. It is in fact an organ of admirable sagacity. To smell a rat and to smell a plot, are expressions of pithy significance. How poor the richest similes in our language would appear, if deprived of this powerful auxiliary! Where would be the fragrance of the rose, the odour of the violet; the perfumes of Arabia, the scented gales, the balmy zephyrs? The treasures of Flora might "waste their sweetness on the desert air," uncultivated, ungathered, unregarded: poets would lose their finest metaphors, and nature half her loveliness.

The concurrent testimony of many nations has, however, dignified this organ with comparative pre-eminence. The custom of suspending rings from the nose has been found to prevail in most savage countries, whose untutored ignorance could yet discern the importance of this graceful projection, and the homage of which it was worthy. A more elevated, because a more polished species of adoration, was the invention of snuff-taking. Here were incense and aliment combined. Mankind had blundered on for ages without dreaming that the nose had a palate; but having once made the discovery, no devotee could be more ardent in his devotion. What an important era in the human mind! A new appetite,—an eighth sense,—discovered! Here was a field of refined enjoyment,

a mine of delicate sensations, un hoped-for, unexpected, and which no one imagined to exist ! The invention of snuff excited the ingenuity of the artisan, who gladly devoted his skill to forming vessels, worthy the honour of containing the precious powder. Thus a discovery, at first regarded as trifling, acquired and retains an importance, which even the luxuries of the palate can scarcely be said to surpass. Indeed, the nose may be deemed to have received the higher honour, for this reason, that its odoriferous food is exclusively its own, it has no participators ; but the mouth is a commonwealth which masticates for the general good. The ear, with an apparently equal capability of devouring, has no such homage. Time may indeed effect a revolution in its favour ; but, for the present, it must content itself with the dazzling glories of diamond drops, ruby rings, and pearl pendants. The nose is often set down for a very meddling member ; and is generally the foremost in all frays, I acknowledge ; but is not this rather a proof of its courage ? And a dangerous proof too, for it often gets tweaked for its pains ; and though its enemies may say that it brings other folks into scrapes, without the power of helping them, they must admit, that it is generally the first sufferer, and receives its full share of indignity.

Having proved the importance of the nose, and that it is a subject deserving of very serious investigation, I descend to particulars. I propose to consider the various species of noses, and to regard them as characteristic of the temper and disposition of their owners.

First, then, there's your *snub nose*, turned up at the end, with a most contemptuous curl, and nostrils of awful capaciousness, yawning like two caverns. I deem this a *critical* proboscis ; such an one, as we might expect to find appended to the physiognomy of a reviewer ;—the characteristic of a hacker and hewer of literary reputations. It has acquired its up-turning propensity from a constant habit of sneering at all modern productions, and considering authors valuable only for their antiquity. When the owner of such a nose deigns to be gracious, the contrast between its sarcastic curl and the smile of the mouth is so striking, you would think the former was sneering at the latter in contempt for its weakness. There are two advantages peculiar to this species. The owner can neither be led nor pulled by it, but he is not secured either from kicking or caning ; and considering the probability of these events, perhaps he is not to be envied. Such a nose may also be the pro-



perty of a purse-proud citizen; one of your thorough-bred men of the world: an important personage at common-councils, ward-meetings and hall dinners; one, whose soul is centered in the funds. Like Stevens's Dutchman, "he looks upon money to be the greatest good upon earth. If you ask him what wisdom is, he'll answer you, *stock*. If you ask him what benevolence is, he'll reply, *stock*; and should you inquire who made him, he would say, *stock*; for stock is the only deity he bows down to. If you would judge of his wit, his whole *stock* lies in a pipe of tobacco; and if you would judge of his conversation, a bull and a bear are his stock companions."

Then there's your *sharp-pointed, peaked, peevish-looking* nose; the very emblem of fretfulness. An inquisitive sort of thing, everlastingly prying into other people's affairs, and often getting snubbed for its intrusion. A very disconsolate, wintry, comfortless nose, always inquiring, what's the matter? and never better pleased than when it sees its neighbour in trouble. Out upon such noses! that give no happiness to others, and feel none themselves; that "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren!"

" Who always teasing others,—always teas'd,  
Their only pleasure is—to be displeas'd."

The *Roman nose* I have partly considered. It is a very gentlemanly sort of feature. We cannot well attach any mean-spirited or vulgar idea to it; and must imagine it to belong to a dignified patrician-looking countenance. It is impossible to associate such a nose, with little red ferret eyes, a meagre mouth, and a burly face. It would be amazingly out of character in such a situation; and we should as soon think of looking for Julius Cæsar's head on a Hottentot's shoulders, as for such an anomalous association. It is, in fact, a very courteous, well-bred nose, and reminds you of high descent and noble ancestors. You would look for it among the flower of Queen Elizabeth's court, or King Charles's beauties; and might reasonably expect to meet with it among the peers and peeresses of "merry England;" but no one would dream of finding it amid the filth of Wapping, or the purlieus of Saint Giles's. Sometimes, indeed, nature plays one of her whimsical freaks, and sticks it on the face of a mechanic or a clod-hopper; but then she places it in the midst of such unequal companions—as a wry-mouth, a peaked chin or an oblique eye,—that you see at a glance she was only in jest.

The Romans, doubtless, who wore such handsome noses themselves, considered an ordinary one a very important defect. Juve

nal remonstrates with a lady, who, not being suited to her mind in this respect, was so unreasonable as to vent her spleen upon one of her slaves :—

“ Quenam est hic culpa puellæ,  
Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus !”

“ To blame thy handmaid, prithee, what pretence,  
Because thy nose has given thee offence !”

The lady's was no doubt one of an exotic species ; a very provoking affair, in an assemblage of well-shaped noses. But the dames of quality in those days were much the same as in ours, and were not scrupulous of giving scope to their ill-humours on their hapless waiting-women.

Next in beauty to the Roman, may be ranked the *aquiline* or hook-ed nose ; a striking feature in the countenance of a Turk, a Moor, or a Saracen. A very Mussulman-like projection, that associates in our fancy a long train of eastern magnificence,—mosques and minarets ; turbans, crescents, and scimetars ; splendid harems, pretty slaves, ugly eunuchs, and three-tailed bashaws. The exact resemblance of the eagle's beak,—the most majestic of birds. In fact, a very *imposing* nose ; having withal a sort of Jewish extraction. Indeed, it may be said to have travelled all over the world ; and when I meet with it in such a venerable physiognomy as Solomon Herschel's, I pay it due homage, conceiving it to have lineally descended from the patriarchs. Much, however, depends on the place where this recognition occurs. It loses a great portion of my respect if I encounter it in Russell-court or Monmouth-street, Rosemary or Petticoat-lane, Bevis Marks, Duke's-place or St. Mary Axe, particularly when accompanied with a clothes bag, or a basket of oranges, cocoa nuts, or lemons.

Then there's your *Pug-nose*, a mere wart ; in truth a contemptible affair, and a very mean-spirited handle to a goodly face, if goodly face were ever dishonoured with so insignificant an appendage. Such a pusillanimous nose is generally sunk between a pair of puffed-up cheeks, surmounted with two little, fierce-looking, grey eyes. Like its friend *snub*, it offers no tangible hold for a tweak ; but I advise the owner to keep a civil tongue in his head, or I would not insure him from more unpleasant consequences. Such excrescences are generally attached to the faces of little, bald-headed, thick-set, bustling, fellows, who elbow their way through life by incommoding their fellow-creatures. They are very busy folks at vestry-meetings, and are generally charged with collecting the parish-rates.

The pug-nose is, in fact, a very pragmatic protuberance, and is only in character on the face of an exciseman, a tax-gatherer, or a pettifogging lawyer.

Your decidedly *flat nose*, like the Hottentot's, is a very stupid species ; and is generally the concomitant of saucer eyes, wide mouths, and thick lips. It reminds us of the Samboes, the Mungoes, and the Quashees. When we see one, we think of Captain Cook's voyages, and the inhabitants of Otaheite and the Friendly Islands, and fancy it wants the graceful addition of a copper ring or an Indianskewer. Not, however, to disparage our worthy friend, we must admit, that it generally belongs to an honest unsuspecting countenance. It is, in truth, a very friendly, well-meaning nose ; and though there is no great store of brains in its neighbourhood, the owner is seldom without an ample stock of kind-hearted feeling, and generous good nature.

Last, but not *least*, is the Bardolph genus, or *bottle-nose* ; a very jolly affair, and the infallible indicator of good-living. A memento of tavern reckonings, boon companions, and morning-draughts. You may read venison and turtle, Champagne and Burgundy, in every pimple. A truly civic nose, which has not acquired its purple floridity, and meteoric exhalations, without passing through the probationary ordeal of epicurism. Such a nose, I should imagine to have been attached to the physiognomy of Heliogabalus, that prince of gluttons, who is said to have had his table covered with ragouts made of the liver of mullets, the brains of thrushes, the hearts of parrots and pheasants, and the tongues of peacocks and nightingales. He had indeed a true epicurean taste ; and, like our modern gourmands, liked that best which cost the most money. By-the-bye, the Romans, were famous judges of good-living, and the wisest were fond of a glass. Even the godlike Cato was attached to the wine cup, and Plutarch tells us, though he was at first so abstemious as to drink only one glass at a meal, he became at length such a votary of Bacchus, as to keep it up till sun-rise. Cæsar goes so far as to say that he was found drunk one morning at the corner of a street, "and when the populace saw his face, they blushed for shame." That the great man tippled, there is no question. Pliny corroborates it, and Seneca, in his eagerness to vindicate his favorite asserts that it is easier to prove drunkenness a virtue, than that Cato could be guilty of a vice.

A bottle-nose looks well on the face of an alderman, or the master



of a city company. It shews they have had the end of their calling in view, and, like true citizens, have eaten and drunk their way to the civic dignities. Such noses may be said to be laden with renown, and to "bear their blushing honours thick upon them." They are marks of good-fellowship, a sort of free-mason's passport into jolly company, and wherever encountered, deserve the veneration of every *bon-vivant*.

Whoever has seen my lord mayor's shew (and who has not?) must have remarked one of the flag-bearers; a little man, with a tremendous bottle-nose,—in truth, a most awful proboscis; "Dives, that liv'd in purple; for there he was in his robes, burning, burning," as Falstaff says of Bardolph. Now I have often thought it a disgrace to the city dignity, to suffer this admirable personification of good living to fill so inferior an office;—and on such an occasion too!—Why a nose like his deserves to rank the owner with an alderman.

A bottle nose is the *ecce signum* of midnight revelry, and "keeping-it-up" till day-break. But it is a very penitent nose, always blushing for its follies; and no doubt would mend if it could; but noses are as frail as other flesh, and cannot withstand temptation. It is a sworn foe to the feet. They are always recriminating. Feet accuse nose of tormenting them with the gout; and nose retorts upon feet for not walking home at good hours, which would have saved both their honours. Once, indeed, they joined in an attack upon hands. "I should not have the gout," said feet;—"nor I these carbuncles," added nose, "if hands had not lifted the champagne, the claret and the burgundy, the turtle soup, the consommé and the venison to mouth." And they agreed that it was a great shame on the part of mouth, and by no means fair, to enjoy the fine taste of the good things itself, and entail all the ill consequences of its intemperance on others.

A bottle-nose, in brief, generally belongs to a jolly comely-looking countenance, and "fair round belly with good capon lined." The owner is full of quicks and quilllets, puns and epigrams, comical stories, smart jokes, and bon-mots. A true disciple of Democritus, who never weeps but for joy; and deeming life a bubble, keeps it up till it breaks.

Such are the qualities of bottle-noses. I am too liberal and too discreet to speak of their vices; and shall therefore only add, that they are not exempt from human frailties, and their greatest enemies are themselves.

Thus, then, I have completed the catalogue of noses. If any species has been omitted, it must have arisen from the utter impossibility of classing it, and I beg the owner's pardon. I am now only at a loss for a handsome conclusion; something pithy as a wind-up, that my readers and I may part on good terms. Can we not deduce a moral from noses?—I think we can. Then, courteous reader, may you avoid the superciliousness of the *snub*, the pusillanimity of the *pug*, the inquisitiveness of the *peaked*, and the gluttony of the *bottle* nose. May you imitate the *Roman* in gracefulness, the *aquiline* in dignity, and the *flat* nose in good-nature; and at the grand counting of noses, may you be found to have given your vote on the right side.

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### The Heart that Loves.

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THE heart that loves but little knows  
Of things that other hearts affright;  
It fearless braves the winter snows,  
The wrecking wave, the field of fight.

One sweet reward alone 'twill seek,  
When doom'd by destiny to roam;  
The faithful smile on beauty's cheek,  
That bids the wand'rer welcome home.

The heart that loves is free and gay,  
When true the object of its choice;  
But faithless found, peace fades away,  
And nought can make it more rejoice.

No more it bounds when glory calls,  
Nor moves elate where billows rise;  
A prey to chill despair it falls,  
And plung'd in gloomy darkness, dies.

S. R. J.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE  
**Noctuary**  
OF TIMOTHY DREAMER, ESQUIRE.

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No. 1.

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"The day shall come, the great avenging day,  
When Troy's proud turrets in the dust shall lay,  
When Priam's sons and Priam's self shall fall,  
And one tremendous ruin bury all."

POPE'S HOMER.

As I lately turned over the pages of ancient history, I was insensibly led into a train of reflections on the extreme mutability of all human affairs. When I read of the great empires, which have successively flourished, I looked for their place, and found nothing but ruins. "Oh! my country," thought I, "how soon may their fate be thine. Thames, thou opulent river, whose bosom is covered with innumerable ships, freighted with the produce of every nation, as a tribute to the queen of the seas—pass a few years, and thou mayest be as solitary and desolate as the Tyber! Even this great metropolis,—the emporium of the universe, the exchange on which all the merchants of the earth adjust their concerns,—in a little while the grass may grow in thy streets, owls and bats may dwell in thy palaces, and thy glories exist only as the theme of the poet or historian. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Filled with these melancholy thoughts, I fell asleep, but the soul, which still wakes, though the functions of our corporeal members are suspended, imaged to itself the following dream. Methought I sat amidst the ruins of what was once a great city: they looked like the mutilated remains of Carthage: but the streets were empty; the din of commerce had ceased; no songs of praise were chaunted in the temples; thistles grew around the sacred altars, and ivy obscured the fallen statues of kings and demi-gods. When I beheld this waste of grandeur, when I gazed on these wrecks of time, or of human madness, my heart died within me. "Oh! Carthage," I exclaimed, "what has become of thy greatness?—where is the arm of power, before which even Rome trembled? Thy chiefs and their pleasant palaces are dust; the industrious myriads of thy citizens are with the clods of the valley; the world of waters rolls over thy



navies, and their rich merchandize is buried in the caverns of the ocean. Thou wilt rise no more; this is the grave of thy renown. Surely the councils of wisdom, the labours of industry, the toil and blood of valour, are all in vain. Thou wert mighty among the nations; the horn of thy prosperity overflowed; but thy destruction is terrible. Dark and inscrutable are the decrees of Omnipotence; His Providence sojourns in a cloud; we cannot comprehend—but we must obey.”

While I yet spoke, I heard a rustling noise among the ruins, and as I raised my eyes to ascertain the cause, I beheld a tall unearthly form approaching towards me. From her countenance beamed ineffable majesty; a robe of pure white flowed from her shoulders in elegant simplicity, and on a golden fillet, which encircled her head, was written the word “Truth.” Astonished at so unexpected an apparition, I bowed my head and remained silent. Bow not unto me,” said the phantom, “I am a created being like thyself. Know mortal, that thy murmurs have been heard in heaven. The Great Being has sent me to open the eyes of thy understanding, and to shew thee, that his ways are equally merciful and just.” So saying, she took me by the hand, and in an instant I found myself on a lofty mountain. Beneath me I beheld the whole world, in appearance like a vast amphitheatre: here rolled the ocean, with its countless navies; renowned cities, the capitals of the universe, animated with their busy millions; flocks and herds innumerable, browsing on the enamelled fields of nature. Overcome with delight, while I gazed on the widely extended prospect, my soul dilated with transport at the apparent happiness of mankind. “Turn thy eyes westward,” said the Genius. I obeyed, and beheld “the city of the heart,” imperial Rome, in all her pristine grandeur. The busy artisans were raising a temple to Jupiter the Protector; the venerable senators dispensing equal justice to prince and people; the valiant legions buckling on their arms, and prepared to encounter every danger for their country. “Surely,” said I to my celestial guide, “this nation is happy!” With a voice more sweet than music, he replied, “The scene is indeed pleasing; but alas! thou seest only half the picture. Behold the thick darkness, which broods over the city, it is the mist of error; view it narrowly, it will be for thy profit.” I looked again and remarked, that on the temple of Public Virtue there rested a heavy cloud; the ambush of six hideous spectres, who were continually employed in undermining the foundations

of that noble building. Their modes of effecting this were various. Ambition, who, I afterwards found, was the chief of these fiends, breathed nothing but war; he was for ever forming some new plan of aggression or conquest: this, though at first it seemed to add splendour to the exterior of the temple, in a short time sensibly diminished the number of its votaries. The next in rank was Discord, whose constant employment was in exciting animosities, which she sedulously promoted. As I attentively considered her operations, the murmur of a fray arose, and to my great astonishment, I beheld the watchers at the gates murdering each other. As the doors were thus left unguarded, a crowd of aliens endeavoured to enter, and, in the struggle, one of the most beautiful pillars of the whole temple was dashed in pieces; it was called Union. Avarice was third of the fearful gronpe: he displayed a great heap of gold; and while this engaged the attention of the pretended servants of Virtue, effected the destruction of the corner stone of the edifice, Generosity. Luxury displayed to the deluded crowd an infinite variety of delicacies; and while they indulged their depraved appetites, succeeded in removing from the temple three of its most precious jewels—Health, Strength and Frugality. Indolence distributed among the people, silk robes, and embroidered tunics, and instructed them in all the refined effeminacies of Asia, which so won their affections, that she was permitted to extinguish the two lamps, which lighted the portico, Resolution and Activity. Self-love concluded the work of destruction; he addressed himself to every individual, and so fascinated the imaginations of all, that he became absolute master of their proceedings. This accomplished, he cut in pieces the beam, on which the whole fabric rested,—Disinterestedness. This beam was no sooner destroyed, than the beautiful temple of Public Virtue fell into a heap of unsightly ruins. I turned from the mournful spectacle to the capitol; but alas! that also was fallen; the streets were thinly peopled; those that remained in them, were slaves. “Oh! Genius,” said I in the anguish of my soul, “whence is this? Why is Rome overthrown? Surely these fiends are let loose to afflict mankind.” “Peace!” answered she, with a look of severe reproof, “arraign not the Most High! Mortal! the phantoms thou hast seen are but the embodied forms of your own passions. Is Rome powerless and ruined? The virtues, which made it great, are forgotten. Are the inhabitants of Sparta and Athens fettered? Their frugality has

degenerated into luxury; their valour into cowardice. Oh, man! it is virtue, that gives birth to, and brings to maturity the glory of nations; it is vice, that causes their declension and fall." At this moment, the sun left the bosom of his Thetis, and darting his vivifying rays through my chamber window, banished the airy illusions of the night.

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EXTRACT, No. 2.

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"Men are but children of a larger growth."—POPE.  
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When I retired to rest last night, the various bustle of mortals in their search after happiness, engaged my attention. Sleep soon closed my eyelids, but a train of ideas had so fully possessed my imagination, that they branched out into the following odd dream: I fancied myself standing in the centre of a large plain, intersected with an infinite variety of paths, which seemed to end in a very broad road, the termination of my prospect. While considering which way it would be proper for me to take, I beheld a light of dazzling brilliancy, and resolved to hasten towards it. Walking forward with this design, I found that in the paths around me, there was an immense multitude of human beings, who, from their diminutive size, I had before overlooked. These travellers were vastly different in their appearance: I discerned amongst them beaux, coquettes, soldiers, poets, lawyers and divines, merchants and statesmen: in short, one might here see all that motley assemblage of characters, which we meet with in real life.

The degree of speed with which my fellow-pilgrims journeyed, was as various as their pursuits. Some ran with the utmost eagerness, others walked, and many seemed to move only by fits. In contemplating this strange crowd, I perceived that the great light before noticed stood over the gate of what appeared to be a very large city, and I soon discovered that to this point every eye was directed. The pleasure, which a review of my companions gave me, lessened the difficulties of the way, and I arrived with them at the city gate, without feeling much fatigue. The first object that struck me was a very grave personage who sat before the principal entrance; his features expressed rigid austerity; his head was



nearly bald ; but from his chin depended a beard of an extraordinary length. He was wrapped in a variously folded piece of cloth, made for him, I was assured, by an ingenious artist called Pride. I enquired the name of this sage but in vain ; till, accidentally looking down, I saw on the hem of his garment, written in tolerably legible characters, " self-sufficiency."

On a tablet above the gate was inscribed, " This is the city of Pleasure;" but upon attentively observing the inscription, I found that the word, " pleasure" was intended to hide that of " delusion," which was the real name of the city. Upon this I felt somewhat averse to enter ; but no time for reflection was allowed me : the eagerly impatient crowd hurried me along with them, and I presently found myself in the midst of a magnificent square. It was filled with innumerable groupes of men and women, whose employments were as dissimilar as their dresses. The first groupe I joined consisted of a number of persons, who had assembled round a tall thin figure that stood in a kind of pulpit. This was a Projector ; his hands were filled with divers papers and parchments, the leases and title-deeds of those airy castles which his distempered imagination had created. He explained to his hearers, with considerable action, the advantages which they would gain by engaging in " that scheme," and how they might acquire fortune and happiness by subscribing their names to " that plan." But ere I could feel the force of his arguments, his discourse suffered a most unlucky interruption ; a lame beggar advancing towards our orator, implored alms. " I will give you that," answered the Projector, " which will set you above the necessity of craving relief, a share in this my grand scheme." " Ah ! sir," replied the cripple, " will your scheme supply me with bread ?" So saying, the poor wretch limped away to find some more reasonable benefactor. I, who was little more credulous than the beggar, soon followed his example.

The next groupe which caught my attention was formed by several beautiful females, in the midst of whom appeared a deformed old man poring over a table, covered with gold coins. They displayed to him all the delights which human beings are capable of feeling, but though he ardently wished to possess them, he could not resolve to give the smallest portion of his wealth for their purchase. While he yet hesitated, his deliberations were ended by an awfully venerable form whose hands contained a scythe and an hour-glass. He touched the table, and it vanished. He stamped on

the ground ; the earth yawned ; the avaricious senior disappeared in the abyss and I saw him no more.

I was now surrounded by a number of individuals, anxiously engaged at a game of chance. I perceived that many, who had sat down opulent, rose up indigent. Amongst others, a young heir, by a single cast, lost his whole estate. He turned pale, and with a frantic gesture, left his companions. I followed him : he put a pistol to his forehead ; and in a moment his manly form was a mangled unsightly corpse. Hastily withdrawing from this horrid spectacle, I found myself in the haunts of those busy mortals, called merchants : immediately a crowd gathered about me : I was told by a Dutchman the price of stocks at Amsterdam ; while a Mussulman, thinking me a tavern-keeper, declared that his wines were the best in the universe. He was scarce repulsed, when a Jew taking me aside whispered, that if I had a contract to fill for salted pork, none could supply me better than Moses Abrahams. My grave deportment gave occasion to several young spendthrifts to accost me as an usurer, upon which account I was much tormented. I made several attempts to free myself, and at last succeeded by getting into a more retired walk, set apart for those aged and infirm members of the fraternity, who are unable to bear the fatigues of widely extended commercial intercourse. Being tired, I seated myself near two merchants, who were in conversation and did not notice me, but went on with their discourse, thus : " In a few years I shall doubtless acquire the sum mentioned. Then, Sir, I will retire, and expect to find in the bosom of my family, unalloyed felicity." " Your plan is good," rejoined the other, " but I cannot rest contented with so little ; I have more than that now. Ten years will double my stock ; there will be time enough for retirement ; you know I am only seventy." He caught his friend's arm, and would have hobbled home ; but a small rough stone tripped up his heels—his friend endeavoured to raise him, ineffectually, for the pulse of life had ceased to beat I stooped to examine the stone, and saw engraven upon it " Apoplexy."

I now discovered an outlet from the commercial emporium, passed through it, and found myself on a lofty terrace. Beneath me was displayed all the colours of fashion and vanity. I saw Deformity, glare through artificial charms, and Weakness rendered more palpable by the affectation of strength. I beheld nobles whose only types of dignity were their armorial bearings, soldiers who had

fled from danger more swiftly than Demosthenes from the bush ; philosophers, whose proudest achievement was the dissection of an emmet or the description of a butterfly ; intemperate physicians, vicious divines, and lawyers who understood Hoyle better than Lyttleton. While I gazed on this mob " of the great vulgar and the small," with a mixture of scorn and compassion, a hollow blast, as of a whirlwind, shook the whole city ; the countenances of the multitude grew pale ; the merchant forgot his commerce, the projector his schemes, the gamester his dice, the fop his vanity, and the miser his gold. A momentary but dreadful silence ensued. A confused murmur, like the groans of the dying, passed over my ears. I trembled with horror. In an instant, the lately gay prospect melted away, and I stood alone amidst a wilderness of graves. The cold hand of fear now opened my closed eyelids, and I rejoiced to find it was but a dream.

H.

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### Sonnet.

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#### TO THE NIGHT STAR.

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Fair star ! that beautifies the swarthy night,  
 Art thou indeed no more than thou dost seem—  
 A halo, a bright spark, shooting thy gleam  
 Through the thick-gathering gloom, kindly to light  
 Late wanderers on their way, whether on stream,  
 Or shore, less safe, and show them their true plight,  
 And where dark Danger lurks, and wicked sprite,  
 And headlong cliffs ? Or art thou, as some deem,  
 A world thyself, superior to this earth,  
 This self imagined ALL, this moulded dust,  
 This toy o' the heavens—whose vainness surely must  
 Be serious matter for thy wiser mirth ?  
 Whate'er thou art, I lowly worship thee,  
 As the fair work of Him who bade thee burn eternally.

C. W.



THE  
Stage Coach.

BY SOLOMON SINGLE.

No. 1.

I AM a traveller. Not one who peregrinates, that he may swell a bulky quarto at his return with twice-told tales, and accounts of manners, customs and antiquities, described a hundred times before. I am neither a sentimental, antiquarian, nor bibliomaniac traveller. I have not explored foreign parts to bring home Egyptian mummies, marble noses, unintelligible manuscripts, or black letter-volumes; nor have I made the tour in search of the picturesque; or attempted to discover the source of the Nile, or the north west passage. In plain truth, I am a *commercial* traveller; one of those intermediate and useful characters, who promote an exchange of interests by being driven from place to place in that rapid medium of local intercourse,—a *stage coach*.

Nor let the reader imagine me an unimportant personage; or suppose, that because my researches have not astonished the world in a hotpressed volume, of frightful magnitude and awful profundity, I cannot *sketch* as well as the best of the *erratics*, who with portfolio under one arm and wardrobe under the other, go forth, like Don Quixote, in search of adventures. I am not prepared, I confess, to give the exact dimensions of Pompey's Pillar, the Colosseum, Cleopatra's Needle, or the Pyramids. I have neither climbed Alps, Andes, nor Appennines. I have not waltzed with the Germans, fandangoed with the Spanish, quadrilled with the French, nor capered with the Swiss. I have neither made love by the yellow gleam of an Italian moon, the glowing radiance of an eastern sun, or the starry splendour of the Arctic regions. But I have seen all that is worth seeing in my native land, which so many wise folks turn their backs upon; and have studied human nature, under circumstances various and interesting, which the wanderers into foreign countries have either overlooked, or never encountered.

Briefly, then, be it known, that I participate to as full an extent as my brother and sister tourists, in the *furor scribendi*; I have an equal desire to enlighten the world with the phosphoric of my

brain; to present them with what the ancients call "*aliquid immensum infinitumque*,"—something great and wonderful; and I therefore propose (having been franked into the pages of the *Speculum* by my good friend the Editor, with whom, by-the-bye, am hand-in-glove) to delight and edify its numerous readers with the result of some of my prodigious experience.

I judiciously propose to designate the papers, I shall from time to time devote to this object, by the title of *The Stage Coach*; because they will for the most part consist of the gleanings I have picked up in the course of my travels in that vehicle. Neither shall I confine myself to any order of when and where; but shall consider that I am at full liberty to detail my interesting reminiscences, without being fettered by the dramatic restrictions of time and place.

It remains for me to inform my readers that I am a batchelor; a comely respectable gentleman of sixty. How it has come to pass that I have remained single so long, it is no part of my present object to explain. Whether I have refused or been refused, whether I loved the fair sex too much or too little, are points totally irrelevant to the subject. But I will so far gratify the curiosity of the ladies, as to confess that I have ever been one of their greatest admirers. I only mention the circumstance of my celibacy, to impress the reader with a due sense of the extent and importance of my resources. The leisure, which an exemption from the cares of the married state has afforded me to collect *materiel*; the impartiality with which I can view the foibles, the vices, the passions, and pursuits of men, unfettered by their ordinary prejudices, must surely qualify me for the task I have undertaken; and as I do not aim *ad captandum vulgos*,—to please the vulgar, I shall not fail to attribute my failure to a want of taste where I have no wish to excite it.

The reader need not be told, that stage coaches, forty years ago were not like the light and rapid conveyances of the present day. At that time, if a man, who set out from London to York, accomplished his object in three or four days, he was perfectly satisfied; but in winter, when the roads, (bad enough at the best of times) were clogged with snow, or overflowed with rain, even a more extended period did not bring the traveller to his journey's end. Now if a man is at one time more a victim to *ennui* than another, it is when he is performing a tedious pilgrimage in a stage coach.—Half-a-dozen people packed together (with one or two children perhaps to



add to the comfort), and as dissimilar in their pursuits, opinions, and inclinations, as a peer and a puritan; destined to submit to the inconvenience of each other's company for four gloomy, wintry days, present a picture by no means inviting, and which few would submit to, but for the powerful stimulus of business or necessity.

I remember the first journey I performed, was to Edinburgh, in a clumsy thick-wheeled vehicle, with a ponderous basket in its rear, (an affair that is now happily obsolete) and which, by a misnomer, unaccountable in an age that had scarcely reached the infancy of puffing, was termed the Flying Telegraph. It was in November, or as the French term it, *le saison de Monsieur Jean Bull, pour les rasoirs et les pistolets*,—John Bull's razor and pistol month, (alluding to our English fashion of cutting throats and blowing out brains at that delectable period of the year); and surely no traveller ever set forth on his journey under more unpropitious circumstances. It was a miserable foggy day. A sort of sleet, which had winged its misty course, with little intermission, for the last twenty-four hours, had sufficiently softened the clayey soil, through which a great part of our road lay, to facilitate its unwelcome attachment to the wheels of our carriage, which "dragged its slow length along" nave-deep in the mire, at the gratifying rate of about a mile an hour. Neither were my *compagnons du voyage* the exact sort of beings, whose company a man would prefer to all the rest of the world. They consisted of three persons: one, a little spare man in a Welch wig and cocked hat, connected together beneath his chin by a chocolate-coloured bird's eye handkerchief, (a species of fabric which may yet be seen in attendance on the nasal organs of inveterate old snuff-takers) and who, from the circumstance of a black coat peeping beneath a pepper-and-salt surtout, and a little blue bag, containing parchments and papers encircled with red tape, and of which he appeared particularly careful, I marked for a limb of the law. In this conjecture, as it subsequently appeared, I was not mistaken. My other companions were, a quaker, an old lady, and a Glasgow tobacconist, to which may be added a hideous mis-shapen cur, as ill-tempered as he was ugly, who belonged to the lawyer, and who annoyed us ever and anon with a bark, a snarl, or a growl.

The English are proverbial for their reserve, when they fall into the company of persons with whom they are unacquainted. This taciturn rust seems wearing off, as good-breeding gets better understood; and my honest countrymen appear to view strangers in a



somewhat more favourable light, than heretofore, when travellers in a stage coach liberally sat each other down for kuaves, and prudently avoided an intercourse, which their cautious foresight predicted might end in unpleasant consequences. At the time I am speaking of (although there was a female in company) not a sentence was uttered for the first six hours; and the silence was only interrupted by an apology from the tobacconist, who had availed himself of one of the stoppages to light a short pipe, and who hoped "the leddy wad na be fashed wi' a wee whiff o' tobacco, kenning it wur ower foggy, and the bonnie weed wur muckle halesome tul sic ailing bodies as himsel'." I will do our female traveller the justice to say, that the ice having been thus broken, she made ample amends for her silence. This drew out the lawyer and myself; even the quaker dropped a word now and then, which was as much as could be expected from one of the silent sect, and by the evening of our first day's journey, we were as familiar and unreserved, as all circumstances considered, could be reasonably expected.

Folks generally manage to become sociable when they are obliged to endure each other's company. A tedious voyage would reconcile inveterate enemies. The *ennui* of seclusion associates dissimilar minds in the common interest of killing time, which, like other enemies, is most easily vanquished by numbers. Had it been possible for Lord Byron, in his poem of *Darkness*, to have restored the blessing of light to the two inveterate foes, there is no doubt, that the very circumstance of their loneliness, and a sense of mutual dependence, would have made them firm friends. It is probable that some such feeling operated on my fellow-travellers. We could not calculate upon reaching our journey's end under six or eight days at the shortest; a frightful period to pass in silence and reserve, with no other amusement but our own thoughts, and which could not be over refreshing, amid the gloomy horrors of drizzling sleet and noisome fog. Common interest expanded the purse-strings of our hearts; and each was willing to contribute his share towards breaking the tedium of so frightful a monotony.

The sun, who had long since put out his candle, had retired to rest. The palpable curtain of fog with which we had been all the day encircled, was exchanged for the more sombre blanket of night; and the coach was proceeding at the pace of a hearse, through hillocks of clay. The tobacconist and myself were the only persons awake; the charms of his pipe had won him from the

embrace of the leaden-eyed god; and the anxiety attending the importance of the business, with which I was entrusted, produced the same effect on me.

"I see thinking we'll hae mony mair sic gloomy days, Sir," said he, drawing his pipe out of his mouth after a long pause, and addressing himself to me. "I fear we shall," I replied; "and much regret that circumstances compel me to travel at so unfavorable a season."

"Ye'r vary richt, Sir; ye'r vary richt. Naething, as ye say, but pure necessity, wad induce a mon to shut himself up in sic a snail-creeping, doldram thing, wi' naething but a cloud by day, an' the de'il a pillow at night. Gin I wur safe i' Glasgow, ye ken, it's nae sma' matter should tempt me frae the auld hallan wa' agen. We'll no be reaching the inn till midnight, at sic a louse's gallop."

"It is indeed very tedious; the night is gloomy and the road heavy, but I think it possesses one advantage. I don't imagine we need fear robbers in such an impassable road, and on so dark a night. I doubt, indeed, whether they could even see us at half a yard's distance."

"Ye may be richt, Sir, in that particular; I'll no contradict you. But I wad na insure you frae anither species of alarm, gin ye wur picking yer way thro' the mire by yersel' in sic a barren wilderness. Ye'll be kenning what I mean, Sir. There be sic awsome things as bogles an' witches, wi' their cantrips an' sleeghts, in preceesely siccan places as we're now ganging thro'."

"Witches!" said I, in a tone that sufficiently marked my contempt of his intellect, "you surely are not so simple as to believe in such nonsense."

"Simple! in gude troth," said the tobacconist; "I hae much better authority than my ain for sic a belief. I weel remember, when I wur a wee bit o' a chiel, hearing my father, wha was a vary auld an' a vary sensible mon, telling o' the awsome burning o' the five witches at Paisley, in the year saxteen hundreth and ninety-seven. He varily affirmed, (an' ye'll ken he was a vary discreet person,) that their master, the De'il, wur seen flying awa wi' em thro' the air, aboot twenty minutes after the faggots were lighted; and a vary awsome sight it must hae been."

"Ridiculous!" I exclaimed.

"Aweel, Sir; ye may credit what you please. But I've nae the least doubt on't. It was visible in broad day-light to mair than five thousan' folk; an' deef's in't gin they wur a' deceived."



"They were all a pack of fools," I replied; "and I wish I could say no worse of them; but in my opinion they were little better than brutes, to calmly witness the agonizing sufferings of those unhappy victims of ignorance and superstition."

"Ye'll no be pitying a witch sure. In gude troth, they wur tried by a vary upright judge and a vary conscientious jury; and there's nae the least doubt o' their guiltiness."

"Not if a man can commit an *impossible crime*, I grant you. In that case they might be guilty; and so might I or you, or even that dog," alluding to our growling friend, who had latterly ceased to disturb us by falling asleep between his master's legs.

"That dog, indeed!" said the Scotchman; "Ye'll understand, Sir, (and he whispered in my ear) that I hae my suspicions o' that vary animal; and wad na wager a plack to a siller crown, that he's nae some warlock transformed. Did ye nae ken how evil he glowred at us, when he came intil the coach; and what a hellish rout he has made a' the while?"

At this wind-up of my sagacious companion, I burst into a loud fit of laughter, which awoke both the dog and his master: the former set up a hideous bark, and the latter received my apology for disturbing him with so good a grace, that I was resolved to tell him the cause of my mirth. "Here's our fellow-traveller," said I, "attempting to make me a convert to his belief in the existence of witches; and he even suspects your honest but rough-favored terrier to be no better than a wizard."

The lawyer did not receive my communication with the pleasantry that I expected. "I have no knowledge about witches," said he, very gravely, but a remarkable circumstance respecting apparitions occurred to me sometime ago; and if you'll not think the relation tedious, I will endeavour to recollect it. We both assented; adding that it would help to beguile the tediousness of our journey. By this time the old lady and the quaker were also awake; and we were all prepared to listen to his story with breathless attention.

#### THE APPARITION.

"As nearly as I can recollect," said the lawyer, "it is about fifteen years ago since I received a letter from a client who resided near Gloucester, announcing his having inherited considerable property from a rich maiden aunt, who, among other whimsies for which she was peculiarised, had determined, in order



to conceal the manner in which she intended to dispose of her wealth at her decease, to draw up her will herself; and not even allow the witnesses to be acquainted with the contents. A very foolish plan, as you may readily suppose; for you may depend upon it, that, in all these cases, a professional man is not only useful, but absolutely indispensable. However, so it was; and it happened (as she might have readily foreseen;) that her ladyship (for she was a person of distinction) not understanding the proper legal method of framing a will, had made so many ambiguities and contradictions therein, that when the executors opened it, they were utterly unable to decipher her intention. In this dilemma, my client, who was the principal legatee, wrote to me in all speed, to come down with my partner, and assist him in unravelling her meaning, which to him, he said (for he was a scholar) was as difficult a task as untying the Gordian knot, or unrolling the Herculean manuscripts.

Accordingly, we left London for Gloucester the same day; and knowing very well that we should be handsomely remunerated for our trouble, made no scruple of entrusting our business to a clerk in the interim, to serve so valuable a client. We reached Gloucester in safety, and as quickly as a stage coach could carry us; we then hired a chaise to convey us to the place of our destination. Our journey lay through bye roads across the country, and truly I found it miserable and tedious enough. We were frequently obliged to alight, and assist the horse, which was none of the strongest, through the miry lanes; one of us leading him by the head, and the other following Hercules's advice to the waggoner, by clapping his shoulder to the wheel. All this, however, has little to do with my story. In a word, just as evening was setting in, we came in view of Spinster Hall; and a fine old building it was; but somewhat the worse for wear. Indeed, the greater part was actually tumbling into decay. It was skirted by a forest, of which, I afterwards learned, strange stories had been related."

"Eh! mon," interrupted the tobacconist, "I ken,—I ken. 'Twere haunted wi' ghaists and witches, and sic like awsome bodies."

"It was supposed to be haunted, I confess," returned the lawyer; "but not, as you imagine, with either ghosts or witches."

"Weel, weel; I suspected the apparition ye're ganging to tell about, popped out upon ye frae this forest. But I'd nae be far frae the reets o' the buisness, gin I guessed they were fairies,—vary daft carlines, and muckle gi'en to mischief."

"There again you are wrong. They were not fairies; but substantial flesh and blood like ourselves. In short, the wood was infested with robbers; and the fright which an attempt on the building, by some of these depredators, had thrown her into, was supposed to have contributed not a little to the old lady's death. However, just as we turned the corner of the lane which led directly up to the castle, we saw"—

"Gude guide us!" exclaimed the Scotchman, "and what wur it like?—Eh! ye'd muckle need be saying your prayers!—Weel, Sir, gang on wi' your story. Were it a vary terrible figure? Where ye muckle frightened?"

"Frightened?—At what?"

"Eh! mon! did na ye say ye kenn'd the ghaist?"

"The ghost? Not I indeed. You are too soon for it again.—No, Sir; I was going to inform you, that just as we turned the corner, we saw our client coming to meet us. He seemed heartily glad of our arrival, and welcomed us very politely to Spinster Hall. We were very comfortably accommodated with an excellent supper and bed; and the next morning proceeded to business. Our task was troublesome enough. What with bad spelling and bad writing, blottings out and interlineations, the will seemed to defy all attempts at elucidation; but after devoting the whole of the day to it, we were fortunate enough to understand the greater part of her ladyship's meaning. There was one sentence, however, and evidently an important one, which it was utterly impossible to decipher. It was growing very late, and our client, who had assisted us all day, beginning to grow drowsy, expressed his determination to retire to rest; and advising us to follow his example, took a candle and left the room. As he went out, a fine large black cat came in. "Here," said he, "is a new companion for you. Tommy," he continued, patting the animal on the head, "I'll appoint you my *locum tenens*. He'll make as good a guess at the will, as I shall, for he was admitted to the full confidence of his old mistress; an honour, I believe, in which he had but few sharers."

"Eh! the de'il!" cried the tobacconist. "Auld Nick himsel', I'se warrant. Gude preserve us fra' black cats an' foul fiends! Weel, Sir, proceed, proceed."

"The cat, as if it had understood what had been said, marched in a very stately manner into the room; and giving a spring, jumped on the arm of the chair on which my partner was sitting."



"Eh! there'll be hell brose brewing in gude time," said the Scotchman.

"Our perplexity was not a whit diminished: the riddle remained *in statu quo*, and we sat looking at each other without saying a word, like two fools trying to decipher a conundrum. At length my friend rapping his hand on the table, said with an oath, that he wished the old lady would come from the other world, and tell us what she meant herself. At that moment the castle clock struck twelve. The effect was truly solemn, and my partner seemed as if he more than half repented the rashness of his wish. But our attention was excited by the strange behaviour of the cat. It jumped down from the arm of the chair, mewed, listened, and smelt under the skirting of the wainscot. We plainly heard slow and heavy footsteps along the passage, and I could see the hair beginning to bristle on my companion's head; but it became perfectly erect, when, to our mutual horror and surprise, the door opened, and a tall figure, clothed in white, appeared, with a lamp in its hands who beckoning us three times with its finger in the most solemn and impressive manner, instantly vanished, followed by the black cat."

"I ken'd it; I ken'd it," said the tobacconist.

"I believe I was the bravest of the two. I arose with the determination of obeying the summons; and never shall I forget the horror-spread countenance of my companion, who just managed to utter 'Don't go!' in a voice almost choked with terror. Regardless of his intreaties, however, I seized the candle, and followed my unknown guide, who had advanced but a few yards, and seemed waiting my approach. When she saw me coming—(I say *she*, because it did not appear to be of the male gender) she proceeded at a slow and solemn pace, still attended by the cat."

"Eh! the fiend! weel, Sir, proceed. I am vary interested in this awsome story."

"I followed the figure through many winding and gloomy passages. We then ascended a dark stone staircase, the balustrades of which were covered with a sort of blue damp, and the stairs seemed as if they wanted the housemaid for above a century."

"Fie! mon; fie! Dinna jest in sic a fearful buisness. Gude troth! It makes my vary teeth chatter wi' the bare description."

"Both the stairs and banisters were in many parts decayed, and I have since wondered how I escaped breaking my neck."



"Nae the least wonder, Sir. Ye ken ye were upheld by supernatural assistance."

"I thought I should never have done climbing. However, we at length arrived at a second landing-place, from which two passages branched off in opposite directions, to all appearance full as gloomy as those through which I had already passed."

"Ye'll pardon my interrupting you, Sir. But ye'll ken there's a muckle difference atween your description, and what ane may read concerning apparitions. I should hae deemed it wad hae led you amang the gloomy caverns and dungeons below, and not hae mounted wi' ye till the top o' the castle. It is vary evident, these authors were a' gifted wi' an ower flighty imagination; as your story canna be denied, it being an indisputable fac'. Weel, Sir."

"The figure chose the right hand passage, and proceeded till she came to the door of a chamber, which appeared curiously carved in oak. The family arms were over the centre, surrounded with foliage and gothic ornaments. All this I was enabled to discern by the lamp which she held up before the door, as if inviting me to enter; and the cat looked up in my face as I approached, with an expression, which I shall not easily forget."

"The de'il, Sir, was marking you for his ain."

"When I was within a yard of the figure, she stopped,—removed the drapery, which had concealed her face, and pointed to her throat."

"Gude guide us! she did na come by a fair strae death then."

"She removed the drapery, and discovered to my astonished view, the countenance of——"

"The leddy; I ken. Weel, Sir, wur it a pale deathly sort o' visage, or wur it a bleeding head, or wur it a skeleton?"

"Neither, Sir; nor are you right in your conjecture as to whose face it was. It was not, as you imagine, the countenance of the lady;—but that of the old housekeeper, who told me in a low voice, that there was my chamber, and pointing to her throat, discovered a piece of flannel wrapped round it, and pleaded a very bad cold as her apology for preserving a silence so unusual to her sex."

Just as the lawyer ceased speaking, we reached our inn; and I leave the reader to guess whether his story strengthened the argument of the tobacconist.

## The Fate of the Poets.

—  
 "An emblem of the Poet's Fate is shown,  
 He asks for bread, and he receives a stone."

BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

—  
 WHY is it that the Poet's lot  
 In bitterness is cast,  
 To be unheeded or forgot,  
 Until his day be past?  
 Why is it, where so many dwell,  
 Not one can rise to break the spell,  
 Whose pow'r hath bound him fast;  
 Or wherefore doth he wake the strain,  
 That soothes the soul, and wake in vain?

Are *his* sins more than others' sins,  
 Or are his virtues less,  
 That where *their* suffering, pity wins,  
*He* battles with distress?  
 Struggles thro' life his painful way,  
 With none to cheer, in death's dark day,  
 The bed of bitterness;  
 With none to close his dying lid,  
 Where all of light beneath is hid.

Has he not goodness in his breast?  
 Has he not honour there?  
 Feelings, which duller souls have bless'd,  
 A heart to do and dare?  
 Has he not that, which other men,  
 Not having, envy?—wherefore then  
 The prey of busy care?  
 Ah! there the source of sorrow lies,  
 The agonizing pang that never dies.

Oh ! better were he born amid  
The bleak and dreary wild,  
Where genius, deep in darkness hid,  
On man hath never smil'd.  
Oh ! better had he never known  
The high, the mind-created tone,  
Which thousands hath beguil'd,  
But sooth'd not one distracting hour  
Of him, whose magic gave it power.

Then peace at least were his; but now,  
To want and gloom a prey,  
He pines :—(what boots it, where or how?)  
Like temple in decay,  
Whose beauties, wrested from their home,  
Have gone to seek some loftier dome,  
And left it lone and grey;  
A shadow of its former state,  
Neglected, cold and desolate.

Too near the doom of all the race,  
Who tread the barren road,  
Where want and misery mark the trace  
To glory's frail abode :  
And oh ! how few the steep attain !  
Heartless, unable to sustain  
Of grief the heavy load,  
They sink, and o'er them sweeps the blast  
Of death : woe's lightest, as its last.

Sad fate was thine, immortal son<sup>2</sup>  
Of Venice, ere thy pen  
The deathless wreath of fame had won,  
Torn from thy fellow-men ?  
But vain Ferrara's fetters bind  
Thy limbs, when that all-powerful mind  
Burst thro' thine iron den,  
And spreading o'er the earth thy name,  
Crown'd thee with everlasting fame.



And thou too, Caledonia's pride, <sup>3</sup>  
 What crime was thine, that those,  
 Who o'er thy gentle numbers sigh'd,  
 Deem'd lightly of thy woes,  
 Nor lent a fostering hand to save  
 Her brightest minstrel from the grave;  
 But let thine eyelids close  
 In pangs of long enduring pain,  
 Where the soul pineth, but in vain.

Thou, upon whom true genius smil'd,  
 Bard of the gentle mind,  
 Nature's warm, independent child,  
 To ev'ry being kind,  
 But to thyself a thoughtless foe;  
 Enough of bitterness and woe,  
 It was thy lot to find:  
 Yet none throughout thy land, I ween,  
 Will ever be what thou hast been.

And thou, the Lusitanian bard, <sup>4</sup>  
 Sad child of misery;  
 Cold was the heart, that could award  
 So poor a lot to thee:  
 Thou, that did'st glory give to them,  
 First jewel in their diadem;  
 Yet slighted thus to be,  
 Now undisturb'd their mem'ries rot,  
 But thou wilt never be forgot.

<sup>5</sup> Son of a mother, who deserv'd  
 From thee a harsher name,  
 Whom nature's fostering hand preserv'd,  
 And led thee on to fame;  
 Yet left thee, ere the summit proud  
 Was gain'd, beneath misfortune's cloud  
 Thine own sad tale to frame;  
 How droop'd thy terror-darting eye,  
 Beneath the wand of poverty!

But oh ! 'tis endless here to say  
The varied lot of each,  
Who sunk in sorrow's stormy day,  
Like waves upon the beach ;  
Upon their graves let tears be shed,  
It was a bitter life they led ;  
A lesson may it teach  
To youthful minds, to shun the path,  
Where fate on genius spends its wrath.

Yet, ere this mournful theme we leave,  
To ocean's fearless son <sup>6</sup>  
A moment give : 'twas his to weave  
The song that glory won.  
While o'er the deep, with falcon wing,  
And sides so gay and glistening,  
Her course his vessel run ;  
He little deem'd the tale he drew  
Would ask his blood to stamp it true. <sup>7</sup>

Again, ere this sad strain is o'er,  
One thought to him be given,  
Who lingers on a foreign shore,  
From home and kindred driven ;  
The first of bards, tho' lone in mood,  
With more than human soul endued,  
With grief thus to have striven ;  
Peace to thy breast !—a better hour  
Be thine, lone, melancholy Giaour. <sup>8</sup>

Tho' want is not thy lot, (at least  
The want which they have known,)  
Its agony had sooner ceas'd,  
Than that which thou must own.  
Oh ! 'tis a bitter thing to be  
A wand'rer on the earth like thee,  
A being sad and lone,  
Without one kindred soul to share  
The quiet thought, that woe might spare.

And for the one, whose hand hath here

Depictur'd thus thy woe,

'Tis nought, perchance, if too severe

His lot—but be it so:

It may not last, but will be met;

His bosom is unshaken yet,

Then let the tempest blow;

There will be pleasure, when 'tis o'er,

To think how many ills it bore.

Ye who may ponder o'er this lay,

If ye would never feel,

The pang that gnaweth day by day,

The wound that will not heal,

Avoid the path so many tread

In vain—bethink thee of the dead,

This truth it will reveal:

That 'tis at least a bitter boon,

Too dearly earn'd, and lost too soon.

S. R. J.

1. Boyce. A man of genius, though not generally known. His poem of the Deity evinces great talent. This unhappy votary of the muses was found dead in a garret without any other covering than an old blanket.

2. Torquato Tasso.

3. Burns.

4. Savage.

5. Camoens.

6. Falconer.

7. It is supposed that he perished by shipwreck, the vessel in which he embarked reached not its destination, nor was ever afterwards heard of.

8. Lord Byron.

### The Kaleidoscope.

"Every thing by turns, and nothing long."

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

SIR,—I am one of that species of animals who are desultory in all their pursuits. I read at random, and often (as my friends can



sufficiently testify) *talk* at random. You will consequently be little surprised, I dare say, to find I *write* so. As I therefore make no pretensions to the strict rules of composition, I likewise purchase an immunity from those of criticism: not that I should be displeased, (were I ill-starred enough, to be an author) to find myself particularly obnoxious to critical castigation, for I am much of the opinion of Dean Swift, "That a critic over a book is like a dog at a feast, whose thought and stomach are wholly set on what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl *most* when there are *fewest bones*."

Lord Lyttelton tells us, that

Wit like wine intoxicates the brain,  
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain.

Now I am under the necessity of pleading guilty to the charge of being one of those, who sometimes forsake the "whole mischief of trimmings, and the mystery of pies, and in spite of proscription, dare intrude into the field of literature; a field, of which "the lords of the creation would very willingly arrogate to themselves the dominion. I thus, you see, come before you with all my faults upon my head, and with a *quantum suf.* of egotism, not having spoken of any thing but myself since I began, for which I can however show a precedent in many great names, and among which I might mention Hume and Gibbon, and, to add to the list, (not to complete the *climax*) Lady Morgan.

That I should never write, if I thought *seriously* about it, I am persuaded; for the moment I settle into reflection, I feel the truth of Solomon's words, "there is nothing new under the sun." Like a pigmy in an assembly of giants, I shrink into even less than my ordinary dimension of intellect, and would as soon attempt to touch the topics of other writers, as the pigmy would to use the arms of the giants. Much that has been written is little more than amplifications on what has been written before. Pope amplified Dryden, and may perhaps be said to have harmonized him, but it was like over-sweetening weak-tea, which, though pleasing to the palate of a child, disgusts those who prefer the strength and flavor of the original herb. Dr. Johnson was another amplifier, but it was on the common and received opinions of the world that he made his verbose and elaborate expatiations, and like a powerful stream, we forget, in the grandeur and impetuosity of its course, the numberless

small and every-day rills which have contributed to the strength of the current.

Godwin has justly remarked, that most productions owe their origin to ideas suggested by some other work, and it would not be an uncurious subject of inquiry to trace the progenitors of many of the literary offsprings of the present day. That the spirit of Monk Lewis has not left the world with his mortal remains, is to be lamented; and still more, that a portion of it should infect the genius of a Maturin. The passion for distorted pictures of human nature has grown to an excessive height, to which the dark sublimity of Lord Byron has chiefly contributed; but, like the pictures of Fuseli, they only strike at first view, and though they may astonish, yet seldom please on a more attentive examination. The public, like an epicure who has been long accustomed to highly-seasoned dishes, reject compositions, which only seek to appear in the undress of simplicity, and give unexaggerated portraits of nature.

I feel I am entering on the very character I have just denounced, that of the critic, and with all the usual disqualifications for such a part. Yet as I have had the presumption to seize the sceptre for a moment, and let fall some of "the drops of mildew;" in justice to myself, and those I have mentioned, I must shed some of the ambrosia with which it is crowned. Allow me then to appease the shade of Pope (if such a ghost of a writer can have disturbed it) by mentioning "The Rape of the Lock" and "The Essay on Criticism," not to say any thing more—and that of the Colossus of literature, by naming "the Lives of the Poets," in which the life of Savage had been alone sufficient to encircle his brows with laurel. There are few who bow with more homage than I do at the shrine of Lord Byron—whose genius, sublime and energetic, will leave him one of the landmarks of time. He has his faults, perhaps his vices, and his poetry may not inculcate that system of ethics, which such a muse should breathe, but

Like sunshine broken in the rill,  
Tho' turn'd aside, 'tis sunshine still.

And the author of *Bertram* and *Melmoth* would not have been ungratified (a feeling alike common to the mighty and the mean in literature, when contemplating the effects of their own works) had he witnessed the emotions I have experienced in the perusal of his forcible and beautiful productions.

I shall now, Sir, conclude my rambling letter, through which I have touched on subjects, like one performing ordeal over red-hot ploughshares, that is, made a quick bound from one to another, feeling my inability to rest on any; and the bound which I anticipate as likely to give you most satisfaction is the one with which I make my exit.

M. L. R.

## The Reliquary.

### No. 2

"Men trample grass, and prize the flow'rs of May,  
But grass is green when flow'rs do fade away."

#### FLETCHER'S ECLOGUES.

WHEN we had last the pleasure of discussing a cup of canary with our ancient and respected friend, Adam Winterton, we ventured to hint, with the deference due from the comparative nonage of forty to the positive senility of eighty-four, that in our humble opinion—with all submission to his better judgment and so forth,—it would be deemed an improvement by many of our readers, were he to abridge, condense, or contract, the concluding stanzas of the beautiful Scots Poem, with which he favored us in our last; and supply the omissions by descriptive matter in his own peculiar style of excellence.

Sterne tells us that when there is as much sour as sweet in a compliment, a Frenchman always makes a bow. Old Adam Winterton did no such thing. The sour seemed too predominant for the dose to be to his liking; and after two or three umphs! and ha's! and wry faces, he observed, that certes, holding as we did the editorial office (the which, he did opine, should rather be an absolute despotism than a limited monarchy)—we possessed the right of rejection or admission, and perforce he must submit to our decree. But for his own part, he was sorely displeased with that *paring-down* system, which had latterly obtained, to the great disparagement of portly tomes, and which he likened to the epicurean abomination in French cookery, yclep'd *consommé*, by the which, the goodness of sundry well-proportioned legs, breasts and wings, was concentrated and



comprised in the petty space of a tea-cup.—“However,” he added, “I will yield to your desire ; and if peradventure the sweet bard should suffer in the estimation of thy readers, let not the blame thereof fall on the shoulders of Adam Winterton.”

With this negative species of consent we were forced to be contented. Here then follows old Evergreen’s Epistle, in which our readers will discern, he has but half forgiven our presumption ; and accedes with a very ill-grace to our proposition of curtailment.

.....

*To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.*

**MY WORTHY FRIEND**—In regard of the great desire I had that this poem should be restored to the world in its primitive form and substance, thou wilt readily conceive how little thy humour of curtailing sorts either with my inclination, or that respect which I opine so justly due to the venerable memory of the author and its own individual merit.

Albeit I have, as thou wilt perceive, somewhat endeavoured at a compliance with thy request, in the omission of such matter, as in thy opinion would have rather tended to exhaust the patience of thy readers than contribute to their pleasure ; I am nevertheless free to tell thee my conscience doth not a little sorely reproach me with the unjustifiableness of such a measure. For, certes, Sir, it can no way avail us that such things are practised by the world.

The worst of systems may find its advocates, and the worst of men their parallel ; each may obtain in the world ; but common sense and plain honesty will eventually condemn both one and the other.

Many precedents, I am well advised, may be adduced on the present occasion ; but let us not, therefore, forget that such instances should rather serve to awaken in our minds a feeling of indignation for the wrong, than lead us to imagine that those who follow such examples must be in the right.

Touching, however, this matter a little closer—I am not a little moved to reflect that such an evil may not in its effects cease entirely with ourselves. Good and ill, as hath been observed, are two things that never stand still. In the desire which many shall feel to emulate so destructive a principle, can we say that authors themselves may not become infected with the mania, and in that mood do themselves and the world an incalculable mischief? Marry, Sir, ’tis a very serious thing. Many a goodly, fair, forthcoming, folio

may, on the sudden, shrink to the puny dimensions of a pamphlet; and, in the rage, essays may condense to sentences, epicks to a verse, and odes and sonnets to a line.

Of a truth, Sir, it behoves us that we act with great prudence and circumspection, seeing the many and serious evils to be apprehended from our example in this thing.

So leaving thee with all good wishes for thy prosperity; and thy readers to the enjoyment of what here followeth, I subscribe myself thy Servant and Friend at-need,

ADAM WINTERTON.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE,

An ancient Scots Poem, written nearly 400 Years ago.

[Concluded from p. 129.]

*Dame Nature* having summoned to her presence, "baith bird and beast and flow'r," the *Lion* first, "as greatest in degree," approaches "with a full hardy countenance, with visage bauld and courage leonyne."

\* This awful beist was terrible of cheir,

Persing<sup>29</sup> of luke and stout of countenance,

Right strong of corps, of fasson fair, bot<sup>30</sup> feir,

Lusty of shape, licht of deliverance,

Reid of his colour, as the ruby glance;

In feild of gold he stude full rampantly,

With *Flow'r de lyces* circlet pleasantly.

From the hand of Lady Nature he receives a crown "of radyous stanes maist ryal there to see" and appointed by her command

Protector cheif in wodes<sup>31</sup> and schaws,<sup>32</sup>  
bidding him

Go furth, and to thy leiges keip the laws.

Justice exerce,<sup>33</sup> with mercy and consciens

And let nae small beist suffir skaith<sup>43</sup> nor skornis

Of greater beist that bein of more pusiance.

\* The poet, it will be observed, has here ingeniously contrived to convey in an allegory a very spirited portraiture of the Scottish Arms.

Do law alike to apes and unicorns,  
 And lat na bowgle with his bousteous horns  
 Oppress the meik pluch-ox, for all his pryd,  
 But in the yok go quietly him besyd.

Syne<sup>35</sup> crownit scho the eagle king of fowls  
 And sharp as darts of steil scho made his penns <sup>36</sup>  
 And bad him be as just to whawps<sup>37</sup> and owls  
 As unto peakoks, papingos, or crans;  
 And mak ane law for wicht fowls and for wrens,  
 And let nae fowls of rapine do affray,  
 Nor birds devour but his own proper prey.

Then callt scho <sup>38</sup> all the flowrs grew in the feild,  
 Discryving all their fassons and effeirs,  
 Upon the awful *Thistle* she beheld\*  
 And saw him guarded with a bush of speirs,  
 Considdering him sae able for the weirs <sup>39</sup>  
 A radiant crown of rubies scho him gaif  
 And said, in feild go furth and fend<sup>40</sup> the laif. <sup>41</sup>

+ And sen<sup>42</sup> thou art a king, be thou discreit,  
 Herb without value hald not of sic pryce  
 As herb of vertew and of odour sweet.  
 And let nae netle vyle and full of vyce  
 Her fallow<sup>43</sup> with the gudly flowr-de-lyce  
 Nor let ae wyld weid, full of churlishness  
 Compare hir to the lilly's nobleness.

Nor hald ane other flow'r in sic denty <sup>44</sup>  
 As the fresh *Rose* of colour reid and quhyt  
 For if thou dois, hurt is thine honesty  
 Considdering that no flowr is sae perfyte <sup>46</sup>  
 Sae full of plesans, vertew and delyte,  
 Sae full of blissful angellyke bewtie  
 Imperial birth, honour and dignitie.

\* She Looked.

+ I knew not how others may think or feel in reading this and the following verse, but for myself am free to acknowledge I know not which most to admire, the manly bold sentiments of virtue they contain, or the ingenuity with which the Poet has conveyed them to the ears of a Prince.



Then to the *Rose* scho did her visage turn,  
 And said, O lusty dachter<sup>47</sup> most benyng!  
 Above the lilly thou art ilusterous born,  
 Frae ryal linage rysing fresh and yung  
 Bot ony spot or macull doing spruug  
 Cum blume of joy with richest jems be crownd,  
 For owr the laif thy bewtie is renound.

The merle <sup>48</sup> scho sang, hail'rose of maist delyt,  
 Hail ofall flowres the sweit and soverain Quene  
 The lark scho sang hail'rose baith reid and quhyt,  
 Most plesand flowr of michty colours twain\*  
 Nichtingails sang, hail nature's suffragane  
 In bewty, nurture and each nobilness  
 In rich array, renown and gentilness.

The common voice upraise of birdis small  
 Upon this ways, O blissit be the hour  
 That thou was chose to be our principal!  
 Welcome to be our princes crownd with pow'r  
 Our perle, our plesance and our paramour  
 Our peace, our play, our plain felicity,  
 Chryst the conserve from all adversity.

Then all the consort sang with sic a <sup>49</sup> shout,  
 That I anone awakent quhair I lay  
 And with a braid I turn it me about,  
 To see this court, but all were gone away  
 Then up I leint me, halfings<sup>50</sup> in affray  
 Callt to my muse, and for my subjeck chose  
 To sing the ryal *Thistle* and the *Rose*.

Quod MISTER WM. DUNBAR.

\* The houses of York and Lancaster were united in the person of Queen Margaret, and are thus alluded to by the red and white rose.

29. Unyielding, firm.

30. Without fear.

31. Forests.

32. Small woods in hollow places, "Now haply down yon gay green shaw,"

BURNS.

33. Practice. To use.

34. Damage injury.

35. Soon.

36. Talons.

37. Curlews. A kind of water-fowl.  
 38. She. 39. Wars.  
 40. Feud is here but an abbreviation of defend. The modern acceptance of this word in Scotland signifying to live comfortably.  
 41. The rest. The others.

"Now we'r married, spier nae mair;

"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

BURNS.

42. Since. 43. Fellow. 44. Respect. Love.  
 45. White. The Qu is here used in the place of W, and has the strong guttural sound of the German W, whenever followed by an H.  
 46. Perfect. 47. Daughter.  
 48. The Blackbird. 49. Such. 50. Half.

### Editorship.

#### *To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.*

OH! Mr. Editor!—Allow me to tell you the story of my woes, for it is from you I expect pity and consolation. I, like you, was once placed on a literary eminence—molehill, I was going to say; but though this expression would mark my modesty, yet it might give you offence, and as I expect comfort from you, you are the last person in the world I would willingly offend.—Listen! Oh! listen then to my tale.

In a snug little market town, far from the metropolis, did I supply the whole district with pens, ink, wax, wafers, and whited brown paper. All the ladies round read and re-read my extensive circulating library, comprising nearly fifty volumes of novels, voyages, and adventures, poetry, &c. most of them not above twenty years old: I supplied also all the little children with elegant and accurate editions of the histories of the renowned Jack the Giant-Killer, and the modest and virtuous Cinderella with the glass slipper. Mr. Whackum, too the parish school-master, sent all the little boys to my shop for their spelling-books; he used indeed to call next day for a small per-centage for the recommendation, but this was under the rose, and as I always expected the visit, I took special care that I should be no loser by it. In short no, man was more happy, for no man was more thriving. I procured a nearly new second-hand fount of types from a broken printer in the county town, for an old debt; and, after a little practice, got to be a very decent hand at doing

up a posting bill for men, women, children, or cattle lost or mislaid. The fame of my learning and genius extended nearly three miles over the country, and had I allowed my ambition to be guided by prudence, I might have been, at last, beadle of the parish. Not, but that amidst all this prosperity, some little clouds of misfortune were cast over my otherwise unsullied felicity. My children would sometimes thumb the new Christmas pieces, that they were utterly unsaleable. My wife often sold sixpenny stamps for fourpence; and once the squire's favorite terrier ran away with the London Sunday newspaper ere we had viewed a line of its contents; by which misfortune, farmer Thresher, the president of our political club, could not tell to a certainty, for a whole week, whether we were all quite ruined or not; but these mischances were like the shades, in a delightful landscape, only making the illuminated places more gloriously resplendent.

In an evil moment, Mr. Editor, sitting alone in my little back shop or parlour, betwixt the hours of three and four in the afternoon, did some envious demon whisper in my ear to commence the publication of a weekly miscellany. The honour of being addressed by the title of *Mister Editor*, the glory of having my productions read by the squire and the parson, ay! and the parson's wife too—the ambition of extending my fame, perhaps, over half the county, the vast correspondence and influence I should have, the abuses I should expose and correct, all rushed into my mind, and as if I had inhaled so much gas, inflated my heart. I had no sooner christened my embryo publication by the name, style, and title of the *Weekly Visitor*, than I started from my chair, and to myself announced myself as proprietor and editor of the *Weekly Visitor*. Oh! Sir, had I not been intoxicated with ambition, I might have taken warning by the awful omens which occurred in that unlucky hour; for in going to serve a customer with a pennyworth of fine shining sand, I, in my agitation, overturned my whole stock of writing-ink, contained in a stone bottle at the end of the counter. The sable fluid sullied the virgin purity of all the surrounding post, foolscap and demy, and was too prophetic of the quantity that was unfortunately to be spilt in prosecuting my rash and arduous undertaking. But I was blinded by ambition, and it is said, he whom the Gods mean to destroy is first deprived of his senses.

To every customer that entered my shop I was eager to announce my intended undertaking, and every one bestowed upon me their



applause and promised their support. In less than four and twenty hours I felt myself growing into importance. As I passed along, many stopped to enquire after my health, from whom I had formerly obtained only a distant nod. The landlord of the Goose-Inn forced me to take a glass of punch with him, while he explained to me the partiality and injustice of the constable, in quartering upon him so many of the military, and Mr. Slop, the brewer, told me he would furnish me with an excellent article on the base genealogy of the exciseman. It is without vanity, Sir, that I declare to you, that the parson entered my shop, bought a small stick of sealing-wax, and put into my hands a learned tract on the duty of reverence to our spiritual advisers, which would only occupy, he said, about six of my numbers, and he engaged to take three copies of each. Scarcely had he taken his leave, when the squire himself paid me a visit, and shaking me heartily by the hand, with a great oath, swore he hoped I would not forget to put something, in quizzing the parson. But what astonished me most of all, was an invitation I received to take a cup of tea with Miss Deborah Spinster, a tall unsullied virgin of fifty, mistress of a ladies' boarding school, at the upper end of the town, who professed herself capable of teaching every accomplishment and grace which can adorn the female mind and person, for five and twenty pounds a year. No male creature had ever before been suffered to enter this abode of purity and the graces; and had it not been for the Sunday procession to church, when slow, solemn, and stately, she advanced at the head of her obedient train of youthful beauties, she and her pupils might have been supposed as ignorant as Shakespear's Miranda, of the existence of a sex different from their own. No wonder then that I felt something like awe in crossing the threshold of this temple of Diana. The nymphs were, however, carefully concealed from my observation, and the visit passed in strong exhortations, that I would endeavour to put a stop to many crying enormities which she had observed from the front windows of her seminary. She had even beheld, she said, with her own eyes, the grocer's son in open day, in the public street, flirting with the milliner's apprentice; and that if such glaring impropriety were allowed, she had no doubt a judgment would come upon the whole town; and concluded, by assuring me, that when she was quite a young woman, which was not above twenty years ago, no such abomination existed.

Next day was the climax of my popularity ; I had the honour of receiving a message from the squire's mother, to wait upon her next morning. I had been long a favorite with all the servants, for many a bottle and many a joke I had cracked with the butler ; but now, thanks to my surprising merit, I was to be introduced to the drawing-room. As I ascended the great staircase, however, I condescended to a familiar nod of recognition to the upper servants, just to shew that I was not proud. I was received by the old lady with great state and dignity, and was told that she had sent for me to notify that she had approved of my undertaking (if properly conducted) and as a proof of the patronage she meant to extend to it, she had several most interesting anecdotes that she would communicate to me, such as, that in the year 1765, she was walking on the terrace of Windsor Castle, with other young ladies, when his late Majesty, of blessed memory, in answer to a remark of Lord Bute, that it was a charming day, said very wittily, and without the least hesitation, "and my lord, these ladies are charming also."

After having assured me that she would reduce to writing many other anecdotes almost equally interesting, I took my leave. In passing through the hall, I discovered that Molly the cook maid was waiting to speak to me. After beckoning me a little way down the kitchen staircase, and cordially inviting me to a luncheon, she told me, that as she understood I was to be *head-eater* of a new book, she would give me the *most beautifullest* poetry I ever saw, to put into it. It was made by Roger, the dairyman, all about herself, and began with,—

Your red red cheeks have won my heart,

Therefore I cannot tarry ;

I'll never get eas'd of Cupid's smart,

Till you and I do marry.

Assuring Molly that I was highly obliged to her, I hurried home, and saw a sweet, charming, elegantly dressed girl of fifteen, looking anxiously at every article in my shop-window. The loveliest ringlets played round her alabaster forehead, and Hebe might have envied the ruby of her lips. She held one hand concealed in the fold of her white muslin handkerchief, as if it grasped something too valuable to be exhibited to the eyes of prying curiosity. She several times drew near to the door, and as often retreated, till all

at once, by an extraordinary effort, without stopping to trust her own feelings, she placed herself before the counter. The die was now cast. Women make extraordinary efforts on extraordinary occasions. She, tremblingly, held out a paper, neatly folded, and with a faltering voice, gave me to understand, that if I pleased it was to be inserted in the Weekly Visitor. Taking a little courage from my looks, she stammered out, "It is only a joke, Sir, indeed it is," while her face was suffused with blushes, and seeing me about to look at the paper, she hastily made her exit. I opened it, and saw it was a copy of verses:—

*Addressed to Master G. S.*

Dear youth, my heart would fondly say,  
I've lov'd you many and many a day;  
The rose bud may forget to blow,  
Or only bloom in winter's snow;  
The lambkin may its mother hate;  
The turtle may forsake its mate;  
The willow may cease to bend to the river,  
But I must love you for ever and ever.

You, Sir, may very likely be of opinion, that these communications were not well calculated to confer literary reputation on my intended miscellany; but what could I do? I am a son of Adam, and, alas! I think have more than my proportion of ductility to female influence, which formed so striking a feature in the character of my unfortunate ancestor. It was materially for my interest, too, to keep in the good graces of the squire and his mother. The influence of the parson, also, I had occasion to dread, and all the town regarded the landlord of the Goose Inn as a shrewd, sensible fellow; he having been, in his youth, a waiter for nearly three months at a London hotel. The boarding school mistress was at the head of all those who valued themselves on punctilio and good breeding, and therefore must not be affronted; and last, not least, gratitude forbade me to wound the feelings of Molly the cook maid. With all this accumulation of difficulties around me, I began to tremble at my situation, but I had passed the Rubicon, and nothing was left for me, but bravely to try my fate.

At last came my day of publication, and the portals of my shop



were beset at an early hour. Many a shake of the hand I received; many a grin at the clever things, which my customers said they expected to be amused with, and so vivid were some of their anticipations, that it would have been impossible for the wit of man to have realized them.

In my first number I endeavoured to please all parties. I had a smart joke for the squire, and two important anecdotes of the old court, for his mother. Miss Deborah Spinster might read an essay on immodesty; and my charming young correspondent, three whole pages on love. The parson had a dissertation on tithes, and Molly was told that her article was under consideration. Next day, after dressing myself in a complete suit of black, I walked out solemnly, with all that gravity of demeanour which I imagined becoming my situation. I was studied in my deportment, for I expected that every eye would be fixed upon me. To some I met I assumed a very familiar air, just to make them wonder I was so condescending. To others I believed it for my dignity to look thoughtful, and once or twice, in the middle of the street, I pulled out a pencil and paper, as if some sudden thought had struck me, which might be lost if I did not seize it at the moment. What impression my appearance made upon my neighbours, I know not; I can only say, I returned home with rather a diminished idea of my own importance.

Previously to the appearance of my next number, my shop was the depository of all the scandal and all the nonsense of our little town. All the petty politics of the district, every varied hue of party-coloured vanity, all the good or evil passions, all the malignity of defamation, and the inordinate expression of interested feeling, were expected to find a vehicle of publicity in my miscellany; and what is more unfortunate, all my readers seem to have perused those articles only which were ill-adapted to their taste. They appear to indulge a rancour against me for the subjects they detested, without allowing me the smallest credit for the insertion of that which was intended to please them. Miss Deborah Spinster, after carefully perusing my essay on love, prohibited me and my publication, for ever, from entering her temple of purity. An article in my second number, on freedom of opinion, procured me, from the parson, a notification, that I should no longer serve him with the newspaper. The squire broke my head the other day, (unfortunately without any witnesses) because I had expatiated on the cruelty of

hare-hunting, and Molly, the cook-maid, has sent me an angry message, desiring me to return, immediately, Roger the dairy-man's beautiful poetry. In short, all my readers have become my enemies, and what is worse than all to an author, they all say that I am not the *genius* they took me for, which the landlord of the Goose Inn says, with a sapient shake of his head, is alone owing to my never having been in London. I have stopped my publication, but that is not found sufficient to appease my offended customers. To express myself as sublimely as I can, I would say, that the days of my glory are fled for ever, and the dust of ages seems to begin to cover my counter. The volumes of my library lead a life of repose. The stranger passes, and crosses not my threshold, and the charms of my many-coloured engravings are in vain exhibited at my window, while a huge pile of my Weekly Visitor stands in the corner, a lasting monument of my ambition and my disappointment.

The taunt of the landlord of the Goose Inn on my home-bred rusticity has affected me much ; I am therefore determined to visit the metropolis ;—and this leads me to the purport of my letter. Should you have occasion for me as an assistant in the Speculum, I should be determined to “make myself useful.” I have a fine set of entirely new ideas, which, as they were hatched in the country, probably were never heard of in London. I have also a clever knack at finding a rhyme where it is wanted, and where the construction is easy, I can translate a Latin phrase without much assistance from a dictionary ; in short, you will find me a very useful, —I was going to say, a clever fellow. The moment I receive a favorable answer from you, I shall dispose of my whole stock to the highest bidder, and shaking the dust off my feet, bid adieu to my ungrateful, prejudiced, and illiberal town for ever.

R.

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**Sonnet.**

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**THE WORLD.**

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It turns the heart's blood bitter to behold  
How homage, wealth, and honours are applied;  
How one man stoeps, to lift another's pride;  
How some will worship brutes, if built of gold;  
How vice is purchased, and sweet virtue sold;  
How worth is crushed, and baseness dignified;  
How what doth most exalt, men most deride;  
And nothing is as all things were of old.  
The world is in its age, yet is less fit  
To die and to dissolve, and bear that ire,  
Which must flash round it once and wither it  
Into the dust of its funereal fire.—  
Vile, wallowing worm, that hath nor heart, nor sighs,  
But for base things,—nor will to dare, nor wing to rise!

C. W.

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**The Simple Tress.**

---

COME braid for me the simple tress  
That curls so wildly round thy brow,  
Beneath whose arch of loveliness  
Thy bright blue eyes are beaming now.

And place this wreath of flowrets there,  
To form some emblem sweet for me:  
I chose them for I thought them fair,  
But find them not so fair as thee.

Then braid for me the simple tress  
That curls so wildly round thy brow;  
And I will never love thee less,  
My Ella, than I love thee now.

S. R. J.



### The Sailor's Grave.

---

'Twas midnight ; and across the wave,  
The moon's uncertain light was gleaming,  
When in the sands they dug his grave,  
With heavy hearts and eyes a-streaming.

" Lay me," he cried while yet the glow  
" Of life upon his cheek was playing,  
" Upon the beach, where soft and slow,  
" Her gentle step is sometimes straying.

" Cast me not in the whelming deep,  
" ('Tis many a sailor's grave of sorrow,)  
" When life has fled ;—the cold frame keep :  
" You'll surely touch at home to-morrow.  
" I know the wish is vain and weak,  
" Yet will it sooth my soul in dying,  
" To think in pity she may seek  
" The lonely sands, where I am lying :

" May mourn the heart her falsehood broke,—  
" A heart that ne'er repin'd at breaking :  
" But still with fondness wou'd invoke  
" The image that but kept it aching.  
" Tell her the tress, that once she gave,  
" Still serv'd to fan life's dying embers ;  
" Alas ! how I have seen it wave,  
" Too well this wounded heart remembers.

" Tell her, as it had shar'd the years  
" Of various woe that fate decreed me,  
" And every night been bathed with tears,  
" Where none were by to hear or heed me ;  
" So has it shar'd the last sad home,  
" Where all my pilgrimages ended,  
" I cease to sigh,—I cease to roam,—  
" And die, as I have liv'd,—unfriended.

" Tell her, I never lov'd her less,  
" For all the weary hours she'd given ;  
" At danger's brink, and in distress,  
" I thought of her, and then of heaven :—  
" That mid' the prayers and pangs of death,  
" I never from her image parted,  
" And that her name was on my breath,  
" When the last bleeding life-string started !"

Rude were the hearts that had not wept,  
Or had denied his simple prayer,  
With favoring winds their course they kept,  
Then sought the beach, and laid him there.  
And as the sands for ever hid,  
That mute cold form from earthly view,  
A tear hung bright on every lid,  
For one so sadly,—fondly true !

M. L. R.

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### The Editor's Coterie.

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" We'll have some talk with these same learned Thebans."

KING LEAR.

A very worthy friend of ours, in whose judgment we place great trust and confidence, has suggested, with much earnestness, that it was a duty incumbent on us to say something very pithy and very elegant to our numerous readers on the subject of the *New Year*.

" You must not think," said he " of passing the First of January without paying your compliments; and paying them too in a style, which shall obtain for the Editor of the Speculum as much reputation for his politeness, as his work has acquired distinction for its literary merit." What could be said to arguments like these? and couched too in such flattering terms? We hesitated a little; admitted the justice of his remark,—but hinted something about our inadequacy to treat the subject with the elegance and energy which it deserved. " Nothing," he replied, " can be more easy. There are a hundred ideas to the purpose ready to your hands. You have

only to hit off a smart sentence or two about surly winter and blustering Boreas ; then introduce merry Christmas with his smiling face, and a lively touch at old English cheer, and the thing's done in a twinkling."

We begged to differ. The seasons are changed (said we) since your day ; (he is fifty four)—at least the literary celebration of them. Summer is no more distinguished by purling streams, wanton zephyrs, limpid rills, warbling birds, and whining shepherdesses. There are no more Chloes and Daphnes, Colins and Damons ;—no shepherds tuning a lay ; no carving on trees ; no sighing to rocks and mountains, and bidding them echo the sound. All this strain of sweet simplicity has passed away—time and a better taste have clapped an extinguisher on all such inspirations. Peace be with them!—So has it fared too with winter. The author, who should dare to talk of surly winter and blustering Boreas, in this age of literary refinement, would be laughed at for a fool. He could not prepare a more nauseous draught for his readers, if he dragged in the many million times hackneyed heathen mythology. No, no ; good friend. All this sort of thing went very quietly down the tide of oblivion, with Pye, Anna Matilda, and Della Crusca. Let us not revive it, we beseech you, unless you wish to damn the Literary Speculum and the Editor's reputation into the bargain.

"A man convinced against his will,"—the reader knows the rest. Our good friend yielded, but with a very indifferent grace, to the force of our reasoning. "Well, then," said he ; "if that won't do, I have something in my pocket which I think will," and pulling out a manuscript of some twenty pages, written awfully close, prepared to excruciate us therewith, premising, however, that winter must be personified ; but, in every other respect, what he was about to read was perfectly new and striking.

Our usual plan, when there is a more than ordinary demand on our patient hearing, is to submit to the task with apparently silent attention ; but to make up to ourselves for the sacrifice by turning our thoughts to some other channel, in which we indulge till the ordeal is past. Consequently we are as innocent and as ignorant of what the speaker has been saying, as if he had not uttered a syllable. But here we were tied to the stake, and were obliged to listen ; for an approval at the end, however slight, would have bound us to the insertion of the matter in question ; and if we disapproved, some reason must be assigned ; an awkward affair, supposing we had not heard a word about it. Thus then he began.



" Old Father -Winter, clad in his robe of storms, once more appears. Blythe Summer shrinks at his approach, and yields up her green dominion, which at a touch of the tyrant's icy rod, is chilled into dazzling whiteness, Readers !—we are on the threshold of another year, and welcome you in with smiles, for jolly Christmas——"

Stop ! Stop ! (we exclaimed; for politeness was out of the question) this will never do. Your "robe of storms" is too Ossianified; and really your "blythe summer" is very so so. As to the welcoming on the threshold, it reminds us of a toper hailing one of his drunken companions at the door of a tavern.

Our worthy friend eyed us with a look of contempt. The criticism might even have been pardoned; but to interrupt an author, before he had read half-a dozen lines, was an insult not to be borne. He thrust the manuscript into his pocket, and buttoning up his coat to the very collar, clapped on his hat, seized his umbrella, and walked out, without even wishing us good morning. [We fear we have lost him for ever; but we take comfort in the hope of supplying the hiatus.] Well, then (thought we) what's to be done? The old gentleman is in the right. Something must and ought to be said. We can never think of appearing before our three thousand readers, without one kind congratulation at a season like this: so we sat down again, and made many attempts to write something to the purpose; but in vain. At last we resolved to state the case exactly as it was; and let our readers understand, that our greetings and good wishes are as sincere and as liberal as they could possibly expect or desire, although we could not decide upon the mode of expressing them.

Now then to business. This last has indeed been a prolific month with us. What with baskets of game, and packets of letters, we have had our hands full.

A haunch of Southdown and a bundle of poems, by SAPPHO, have been duly received. The mutton was excellent; and her poems (of course) beautiful.

A brace of partridges and an air (not *a hare*) have also come safe to hand. There was more *goût* in the partridges than the poetry. However, they have been duly placed to account. The former has been discussed by the Editor and Publisher, and the air is in a forward state of composition (not *à la musique* but *à l'imprimerie*.)

Besides the above, we have received several other practical essays on good living. We think the subject will bear a continuation.

We next proceed to our purely literary contributors. And here we have to congratulate our readers on several accessions to our *Coterie*. These are

S. R. J. whose further acquaintance we should be happy to cultivate.

R. The author of *Editorship*. We hope his bad success in that office, will not discourage him from adventuring in *Authorship*; as we are perfectly willing to accept the offer he has made us.

C. W. The author of two very beautiful sonnets in this month's *Speculum*. If we were assure of his leisure as we are of his good wishes, we should not despair of his future assistance. Nor do we as it is.

A., who will pardon the liberty we have taken with the paper he has sent us. The introductory matter was omitted, as there appeared to us no relevant connection.

Our punctual and persevering friends, Miss Leman Rede, Star, Adam Winterton, and H., will no doubt retain the good opinion of our readers, by the communications with which they have this month favoured us.

Have we not here (*numerous readers!*) a complete phalanx of literary strength? To say nothing of the mighty WE,—“in ourselves a host.” And vastly were we pleased with the judicious observations of an acute and learned friend, whom we admitted to the perusal of this our third number before it was ushered forth to the Public. “You have,” said he, “reversed the order of periodical merit, for whereas the generality start off at first in their best style, and then retrograde; you, on the contrary, begin *positively good*,—your next number is *comparatively* better,—and your third *superlatively* excellent.” [We blushed at this part.] Now (continued he) having exhausted all the degrees of comparison, you have only to regulate the merit of your future publications by the standard of this [meaning, reader the very number you now hold in your hand] and your three thousand readers will be doubled.” We hope he may prove a prophet.

R. V. if possible, in our next.

We have received an apology from the writer of *Marina*, a Russian Tale, for not sending the conclusion in time for this month's publication. In truth he is a sad fellow. But as we have now, (*bond fide*) the copy in our possession, we pledge our editorial veracity for its appearance in the next number.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

1876







*R. Cooper, sculp.*

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.<sup>R</sup>

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